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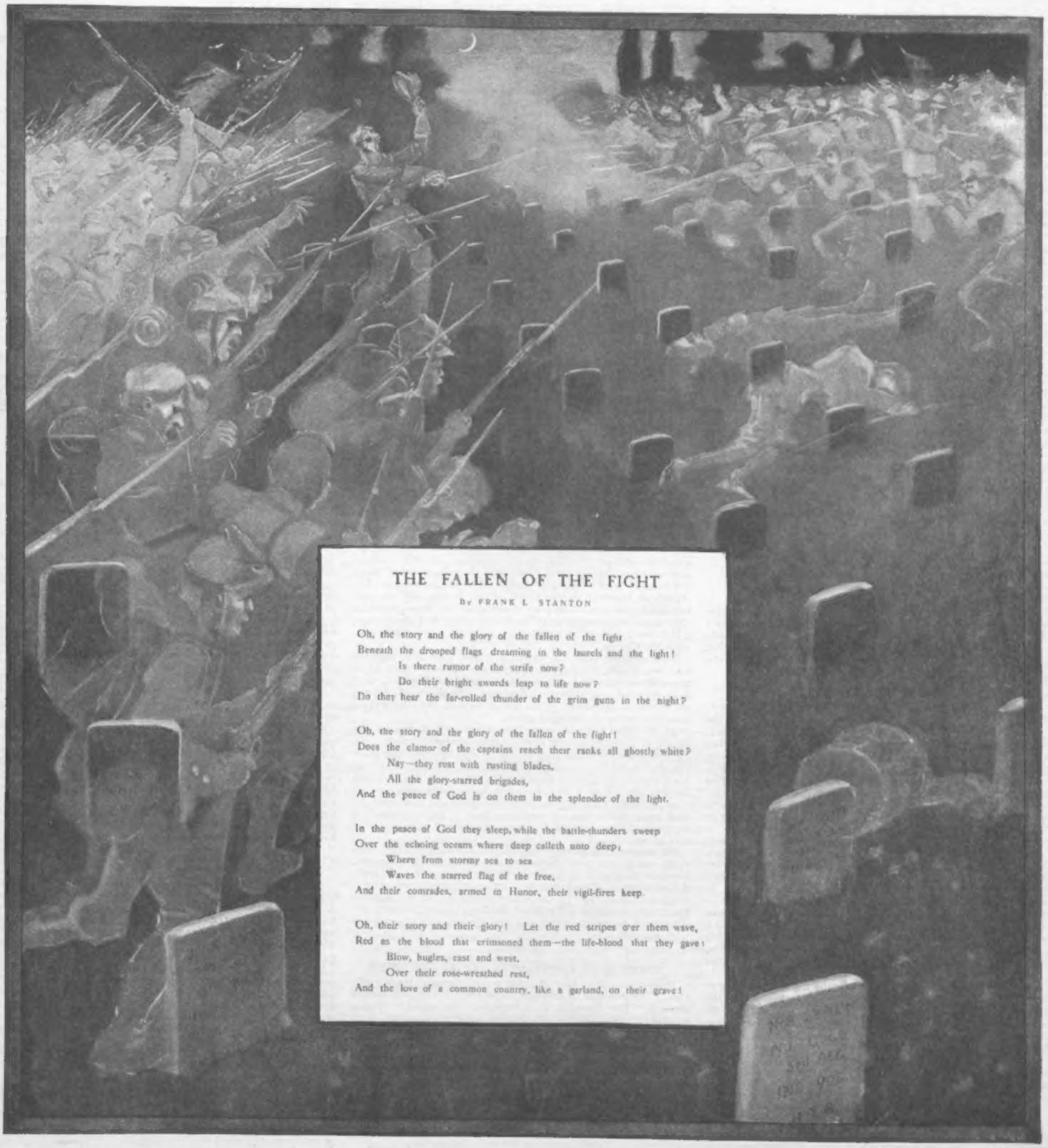


THE FALLEN OF THE FIGHT

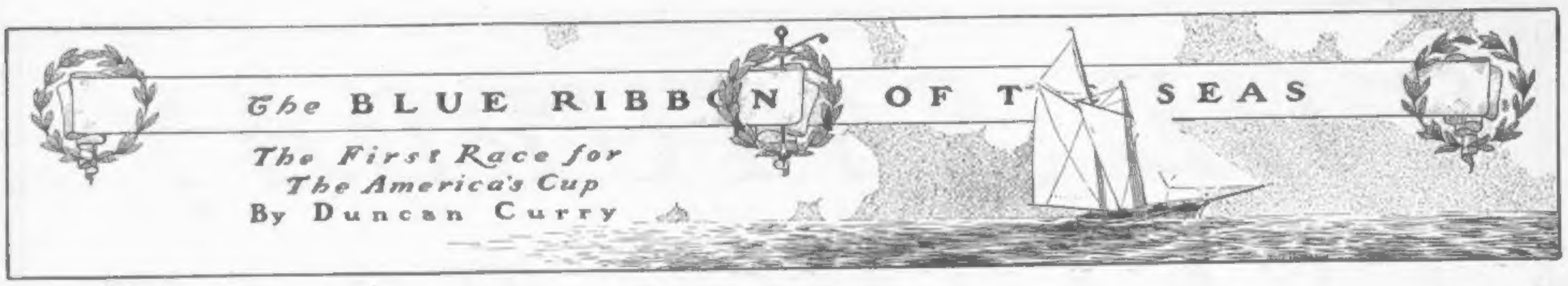
By FRANK L. STANTON

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight
Beneath the drooped flags dreaming in the laurels and the light!
Is there rumor of the strife now?
Do their bright swords leap to life now?
Do they hear the far-rolled thunder of the grim guns in the night?

Oh, the story and the glory of the fallen of the fight!
Does the clamor of the captains reach their ranks all ghostly white?
Nay—they rest with rusting blades,
All the glory-starred brigades,
And the peace of God is on them in the splendor of the light.

In the peace of God they sleep, while the battle-thunders sweep
Over the echoing oceans where deep calleth unto deep;
Where from stormy sea to sea
Waves the starred flag of the free,
And their comrades, armed in Honor, their vigil-fires keep.

Oh, their story and their glory! Let the red stripes o'er them wave,
Red as the blood that crimsoned them—the life-blood that they gave:
Blow, bugles, east and west,
Over their rose-wreathed rest,
And the love of a common country, like a garland, on their grave!



WITH the coming contest for the America's cup next October, interest in that time-honored trophy, which for nearly half a century has proved a veritable will-o'-the-wisp for British yachtsmen, has been revived on both sides of the Atlantic, and the races this fall between the Shamrock and new American cup defender will be witnessed by thousands of spectators.

While the famous trophy is by no means as ornate or as beautiful as hundreds of prizes that are now contested for in regattas, there are certain memories associated with this old mug—the blue ribbon of the sea, as it is sometimes called—that will never fade as long as sails are set and anchors weighed. The story of how the famous old America won the cup has been told and re-told hundreds of times, but it loses little in re-telling.

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BUILT ON THE LINES OF A PILOT SCHOONER

The America was the product of the evolution of the American pilot schooner, which, although now being replaced by steam craft as rapidly as possible, is known as one of the most speedy and seaworthy types in the world. These little vessels can ride out any gale that ever swept across the Atlantic, and one of them, the Ezra Nye, now transformed into a yacht, rode out the great blizzard of 1888 without parting a rope yarn; she was at that time one of the oldest boats in the fleet. In 1851, the year of the World's Fair in London, American pilot boats had already achieved a goodly amount of prestige among seamen of every nation. The most speedy of the fleet was, at that time, the Mary Taylor, planned by George Steers, a young man of thirty, who had already made an enviable reputation as a successful designer.

Mr. Steers was one of a family of thirteen children, whose father, David, came to this country in 1819, and held the position of Superintendent of the Navy Yard at Washington. George Steers came to New York when only five years of age, and subsequently passed through an apprenticeship in the shipbuilders' art with Smith & Dimond and Brown & Sons. He was an apt pupil and attained unusual proficiency in his chosen vocation, and in 1845 he formed a partnership with a Mr. Hawthorne. Leasing a yard in Williamsburg, they built ships for about four years, after which the partnership was dissolved and the firm of George & James R. Steers was formed.

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DESIGNING A WORLD-BEATER

It was about this time that Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, after a quiet talk with George L. Schuyler, Hamilton Weeks, James Hamilton and J. B. Finley, commissioned the young designer to build them a schooner yacht for the purpose of sailing to England and arranging a few races with British yachtsmen, and the work of building the craft, which is responsible for the greater part of international yachting history, was begun at once. Her principal dimensions were as follows:

	Feet	Inches
Length over all	94	—
Length on water line	88	—
Beam	22	—
Depth of hold	9	3
Draught	11	6
Mainmast	81	—
Foremast	79	6
Main topmast	53	6
Main boom	58	—
Distance of bowsprit outboard	17	—

She carried neither fore topmast nor jib-boom, and her foresail was a lug without a boom. She has since been re-rigged in the latest fashionable style with two headsails, a fine topsail and all the up-to-date racing paraphernalia, although her present owner, Butler Ames, has no intention of racing the grand old craft again.

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NO FORMAL CHALLENGE EXTENDED

When the America was equipped for her voyage across the Atlantic there was no formal challenge and, as a matter of fact, there was little interest in the sport of this country at that period. The America was given a trial against the big sloop Maria off Sandy Hook, and the schooner was beaten badly. At that time, however, there was not a fleet of excursion boats to view the contest, and the newspaper tug, now omnipresent, was also absent. Nobody but the few enthusiasts in the New York Yacht Club cared a jot about the schooner or the enterprise for which she was constructed.

She sailed away from New York early in July, 1851, commanded by "Old Dick Brown," a Sandy Hook pilot; Nelson Comstock was mate, and George Steers and his brother sailed on the yacht. She was in cruising trim, and reached Havre, where she was fitted out with her racing sails, in twenty-one days. She was joined at Havre by Commodore Stevens, and as soon as she was got in good racing condition the craft bearing the hopes of the only yacht club in a far-away nation sailed for Cowes, which, even at that early date, was the headquarters of British yachting. The America was the first yacht to cross the Atlantic in either direction.

The yacht arrived off Cowes during the night, but owing to the thick weather Skipper Brown declined to take her into the harbor, and they dropped anchor six miles out to wait for daylight. Old Sol rose in all his glory that summer morning, and quickly burning away the bank of fog revealed the stranger in the offing—and a queer sight she was to British yachtsmen, owing to the absence of foretopmast and jib-boom, as well as other strange features, such as the shape of her hull, etc.

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BEATING A POLITE BRITISH CUTTER

The cutter Laverock, one of the fastest of British yachts, came out to show the Yankee clipper the way to an anchorage and incidentally to have a scrub race with her on the way, in order to see an example of her speed. The Laverock hauled her jib to windward and waited for the Yankee sailor to get under way, and Commodore Stevens could not resist the temptation of trying conclusions with the graceful cutter. It was a dead beat to windward into Cowes, and there was a nice whole-sail breeze. The America was well to leeward of the Laverock when she started, but weathering her in a couple of tacks she gave the British cutter a tremendous beating, while the yachtsmen in the harbor looked on with horror.

Commodore Stevens then tried to arrange a match, first with any schooner in Great Britain, and afterward including both schooners and cutters in his sweeping defiance, but without response. The informal race with the Laverock was to blame for this state of affairs, for it was plain that no yacht in the fleet could hold her own on the wind against the America in a moderate breeze.

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THE COURSE AND THE CONTESTANTS

During this time Commodore Stevens was doing his level best to arrange a match for any amount of money, but the Royal Yacht Squadron were deaf to the arguments that they had crossed the ocean to sail an international match, and that the club was in duty bound to give them an opportunity against their most speedy vessel. The only prize that they would permit the America to sail for was the Royal Squadron cup. It was valued at one hundred guineas, and was to be awarded to the winner of the international regatta on August 22, and was purchased by subscriptions collected at the annual meeting of the club held on May 9, 1851. The course was round the Isle of Wight, and Commodore Stevens decided to compete for the bauble.

The following yachts were contestants:

Schooners

Name	Tonnage	Owner
Beatrice	161	Sir W. P. Curew
Wyverin	205	Duke of Marlborough
Ione	75	A. Hill
Constance	218	Marquis of Conyngham
Gypsy Queen	160	Sir H. B. Houghton
America	170	J. C. Stevens *et al.*
Brilliant	392	J. R. Ackers

Cutters

Volante	48	J. L. Cragie
Arrow	84	T. Chamberlayne
Alarm	193	J. Weld
Mona	82	Lord A. Paget
Bacchante*	80	S. H. Jones
Freak	60	W. Carling
Eclipse	50	H. S. Fearon
Aurora	47	L. le Merchant

* Three-masted schooner.

The schooners Titania and Fernande and the cutter Stella were entered, but did not start.

The race was sailed on Friday, August 22, 1851, and craft of all kinds drifted down toward the starting-line, the majority of which were anxious to see the British lion pull a few tail feathers from the saucy American eagle. From Royalty to the humblest of Her Majesty's subjects, the greatest interest was felt in the outcome of the contest, and on board the Regatta Committee's steamer were many celebrities, including Honorable Abbott Lawrence, the American Minister to the Court of St. James, and his son, Colonel Lawrence. The preparatory gun boomed out from the club-house rampart at 9:55 in the morning, and the yachts, which were moored in double line, hove up anchors and sent aloft their kites.

Two minutes later the starting signal was fired and the race was begun, the fleet steering to the eastward with a fair tide and wind. The Gypsy Queen led over the line, with Beatrice next, and Volante, Constance, Arrow, Freak, Aurora and America following in the order named, the others close together and some distance astern.

At No Man's Land buoy the America had passed the Beatrice, Constance and Arrow, and soon after, under the influence of the freshening breeze, she passed the four leaders, and literally ran away from them. The America had been fitted with a flying jib set on a stay from the foremast head to the end of a jury jib-boom, but experts who saw the race say that it did her no good, and when the spar was carried away by a flaw off Sandown Bay, "Dick Brown" is reported to have expressed pleasure that the "darned stick" was gone.

Off Ventnor the Aurora had run into second place, but was still more than a mile astern of the America. The Aurora, however, managed to keep the flying Yankee in sight until the schooner had rounded St. Catharine's Point, when she, too, was lost to view in the misty distance. At the Needles the America passed and saluted the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, on board of which was the Queen, and greeted her with a cheer.

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"THERE IS NO SECOND" THE CRY AT THE FINISH

It was here that Her Majesty asked the oft-quoted question, "What vessel is leading?" and when her sailing-master replied, "The America, Your Majesty," she asked, "Who is second?" And to this he answered after scanning the horizon carefully, "There is no second."

The America ran into the Solent six miles ahead of the Aurora and just as darkness was settling down over the cliffs, upon which thousands of people were eagerly awaiting the result of the race. The peculiar rig of the American schooner loomed up out of the semi-darkness and was timed at 8:34:00 P. M. The Aurora was second, fourteen minutes later, having been favored by a lucky slant of wind while the America was bucking a strong head tide and almost becalmed.

MR. ACKERS' FUTILE PROTEST

The Bacchante finished third at 9:30:00; Eclipse fourth at 9:45:00, and Brilliant at 1:20:00 the next morning. The remainder of the fleet did not finish. A protest was entered against the America by Mr. Ackers the next day. He claimed that the America passed on the wrong side of Nab light vessel, but the objection was not allowed, because no instructions relative to that point were given to Commodore Stevens.

This was the race in which the cup was won by the America, and it was her last race under Commodore Stevens' flag. She was subsequently sold to Lord de Blaquire for $5000, and she has since that time had a history replete with incidents, during which her name has been changed at least three times. She has been rebuilt, fitted with modern overhangs, and with her new rig two years ago made a favorable appearance in consort with the Colonia, Amorita and the other up-to-date flyers.

The story of the America's capture of the cup was told by Commodore J. C. Stevens at a banquet which was tendered to him at the Astor House in New York on his return from England. In his speech of thanks he said:

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COMMODORE STEVENS' STORY OF THE RACE

"In coming from Havre we were obliged by the darkness of the night and the thick fog to anchor some five or six miles from Cowes. At nine o'clock the next morning a gentle breeze sprang up, and with it came gliding down the Laverock, one of the newest and fastest cutters of her class. The news spread like lightning that the Yankee clipper had arrived. The yachts and vessels in the harbor, the wharves and windows of all the houses bordering on them were filled with spectators, watching with eager eyes the eventful trial.

"They saw we could not escape, for the Laverock stuck to us, sometimes lying to and sometimes tacking around us, evidently showing she had no intention of quitting us. We were loaded with extra sails, with beef and pork and bread enough for an East India voyage, and were four or five inches too deep in the water. We got up our sails with heavy hearts; the wind had increased to a five or six knot breeze, and after waiting until we were ashamed to wait longer we let her go about 200 yards, and then started in her wake.

"During the first five minutes not a sound was heard. The men were motionless as statues, with their eager eyes fastened upon the Laverock with a fixedness and intensity that seemed almost supernatural. We worked quickly and surely to windward of her wake. The crisis was past.

"We came to anchor a quarter or perhaps a third of a mile ahead, and twenty minutes after our anchor was down the Earl of Wilton and his family were on board to welcome us and introduce us to his friends. From the Queen herself we received a mark of attention rarely accorded even to the highest of her own subjects.

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ENGLISH CORDIALITY TO THE VISITORS

"As a further proof of the feeling of the Government and people toward us, I will mention the following act of kindness. We had the misfortune, the day before the race with the Titania, to knock off a part of our outer shoe. This rendered it necessary to haul her out; and we repaired to the Government dock at Portsmouth for this purpose. On the instant the application was made, an order was issued by the Admiral to repair her in the shortest time possible.

"She was docked at twelve and finished at eight o'clock that evening. For this important service no remuneration, in any shape or way, would be listened to.

"In the race with the Titania, I suspect, although I do not know, that too much of her ballast was taken out. It gave her an advantage in going before the wind, but told very much against her in returning. There was a steady breeze and a good sea running, and she fell so rapidly to leeward as to be hull down and nearly out of sight. We beat her, according to the secretary's report, three or four minutes in going down, and some forty-eight minutes in returning, on the wind.

"In the race for the Queen's cup (Royal Yacht Squadron cup) there were, I think, seventeen entries, most of which, I believe, started. In addition to them there were seventy or eighty, or perhaps one hundred, under way, in and about the harbor; and such another sight no country save England can furnish. Our directions from the sailing committee were simple and direct; we were to start from the flagship at Cowes, keep No Man's buoy on the starboard hand, and from thence make the best of our way around the island to the flagship from which we started.

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THE VICTOR SALUTES THE QUEEN

"We got off before the wind, and in the midst of a crowd that we could not get rid of for the first eight or nine miles. A fresh breeze then sprang up that cleared us from our hangers-on and sent us rapidly ahead of every yacht in the squadron. At the Needles there was not a yacht that started with us in sight, so that the answer said to have been given to a question from a high personage of 'Who was first?' 'The America.' 'Who is second?' 'There is no second,' was literally true. After passing the Needles we were overtaken by the Royal steam yacht Victoria and Albert, with Her Majesty and her family on board, who had come down to witness the trial of speed between the models adopted by the Old World and those of the New. As the steamer slowly passed us we had the gratification of tendering our homage to the Queen after the fashion of her own people, by taking off our hats and dipping our flags. The cup before you is the trophy of that day's victory."

Commodore J. C. Stevens, who had been chief flag officer of the New York Yacht Club since its organization on the schooner Gimcrack, off the Battery, in 1844, resigned, on account of ill health, in 1855. The gallant Commodore died at his home in Hoboken in June, 1857.

1866

The Memory of our Fighting Men

1899

By JOSEPH WHEELER Maj. Gen. Vols. U.S.A.

TO REVERENCE the memory of loved ones and to lay upon their graves offerings in token of remembrance is a sentiment that wells up from the deepest recesses of the human heart and is coeval with its creation.

The women of the South were ever assiduous in their care of the resting places of their dead, perhaps because of the customs peculiar on this side of the Atlantic, to Mobile and New Orleans, where on All Souls' Day each year the cemeteries were carpeted with untold myriads of rare and costly flowers strewn by devoted hands over the graves of the beloved dead.

During the contest between the States the women and children of the South delighted to bring flowers and evergreens to decorate the graves of the martyrs to their cause. As the spring brought the anniversary of the doomsday of the "lost cause," the fair women of Southland (and, if I err not, those of my own State of Alabama were the first to set the example) instituted another and a special day in honor of their beloved soldiers; and the pathos of the devotion was the deeper in that the sacrifice of their lives had been made, seemingly, all in vain.

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DECORATING SOUTHERN GRAVES IN 1866

April 26 was the day set apart by a consent spontaneous in its universal adoption. Alabama's and Georgia's first public Decoration Day was 1866. No more fitting time than the anniversary of the loss of the cause so dear to their souls could have been chosen for the perpetuation of the memory of the heroes who had lain down their lives in battle for what they deemed the right.

Women, and women alone, inaugurated the custom. Men, more reserved in the expressions of the sentiments of their hearts, might permit their departed comrades quietly to become a part of general history; but women would not have it so.

Inspired with the heroism of their own, a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, they had sent out father, husband, son and friend to battle, actuated by the same sentiments inscribed by the Spartan mother on her son's shield:

"Come with it when the battle's done
Or on it from the field."

These had been brought on their shields—and laid in their last resting places—and now, while shedding bitter tears, the women fain would teach the land that unceasing honor must be paid to their memory while ever the earth should yield her treasure of spring blossoms. They would establish a memorial day of sorrow for their heroes and their lost cause; of sad rejoicing for the example of their heroic virtues.

Elaborate preparations were made, and the cemeteries where lay their dead were decked and garlanded with the palm branch and cypress, and flowers of varied hue and fragrant perfume in richest profusion were arranged for this bridal of death and life, the undying union of heroism and remembrance. No grave was neglected nor forgotten; the unknown and the known were alike covered with the beautiful wreaths of spring flowers. Religious exercises were held, speeches were made, and hymns were sung. Time's effacing finger can never blot out the record of the devotion of the women to the fond recollection of their heroic soldiers. The Southern States fell quickly into line, and then the custom found its way into the Northern States.

All great nations of the past have felt and acted upon this sentiment. Egypt and Greece and Rome all made use of flowers in their funeral ceremonies. The Greeks and Romans honored their heroic dead by magnificent funerals and various anniversary celebrations. The greatest orators of the period were proud to be selected to pay tribute to the memory of their fallen warriors. Pericles was chosen to deliver the funeral oration over the slain in the Peloponnesian War, and Demosthenes over those killed in the terrible battle of Cheronea.

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LOGAN'S ORDER FOR MEMORIAL DAY

It is to General John A. Logan, a distinguished soldier and no less distinguished as a statesman, then Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, that the nation owes the establishment of a national Memorial Day. No doubt his attention had been called to the custom of the Southern people, of annually setting apart a day to pay reverence to those who fell in battle, and saw the benefits likely to accrue to posterity by establishing a similar custom in regard to keeping green the memory of the brave "boys in blue." General Logan issued the following order, May 5, 1868:

> "The thirtieth day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit. We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, 'of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.'
>
> "What can aid more to assure this result than cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveillé of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms.
>
> "We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.
>
> "Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude, the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.
>
> "It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country, in time for simultaneous compliance therewith."

This celebration at all the Grand Army posts set this beautiful example to the people at large, and the custom leaped into universality and soon became a part of the annual life of the nation. New York early took the lead, and engrafted a law upon her statute books making May 30 a legal holiday, which action was soon taken by most of the Northern and Western States.

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THIRTY YEARS OF PEACE-MAKING

It is true that there still lingered bitterness in the hearts of some of the people of the late warring sections; but this feeling was never between the soldiers who bore the brunt of the battle, for between them there was a mutual respect for their martial prowess that banished all the despicable littleness of prolonged rancor. Of malice they were incapable. And there were those whose keen sense of justice, whose instincts of brotherhood overcame all prejudice. Among such, a Federal officer, General Horace Binney Sargent, the orator of the day in the ceremonies of 1869, at Boston, gave utterance to these remarkable words:

> "I can respect the grave of any gallant foe who drew his sword honestly, according to his light, for his native State—for the spot, great or small, which he had been taught from childhood to reverence as his supreme motherland.

JOSEPH WHEELER

MAJOR-GENERAL VOLUNTEERS, U. S. A.

> "Comrades, though few of us may live to see it, I feel sure that the last survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic will celebrate this anniversary after some day of glory, when the sons of rebels and our sons shall have fallen side by side in some common cause of foreign war, as our sires and their sires fell side by side under the eye of the great rebel, ... the Virginian, Washington."

Thirty years have passed, and on this Decoration Day the prophecy will be fulfilled—nay, already has a brave Federal officer, who followed the old flag through all the bitter struggle of 1861–1865, honored the dead warriors who fell at Las Guasimas, San Juan and El Caney, soldiers from the North and from the South, brought in the same ship, laid side by side in the great National Cemetery—while this officer, now the President of the United States, by his presence filled up the highest meed of honor paid their memory.

One incident of these ceremonies adds to the complete fulfillment of this prophecy. This same soldier and President, by his special invitation, was accompanied by one who fought in the Confederate Army, from its organization to its surrender, but who also fought side by side, at Las Guasimas and San Juan, with the heroes who fell upon those victorious fields.

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NOW THEY DECORATE TOGETHER

It was a picture that brought memories reaching back more than a third of a century. Here were graves from Massachusetts on the one side and from most of the Southern States on the other, all honored alike by this great nation. As the ceremonies closed, the soldier-President turned to the once Confederate officer and said:

"Decoration Day from this time will possess new and impressive features. When in future we decorate the graves of these men who fell battling together in their country's cause, the thought will be pleasing that they include heroes from all parts of our land, equally devoted to their flag and country."

As we linger, reluctant to leave God's acre on this Memorial Day, Longfellow's beautiful lines will find echo in our thoughts:

"All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the truce of God.

. . .

"Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours."

The surviving soldiers of the North, and those of the South, men, women and children of all sections, will meet on this Decoration Day. In every cemetery in this broad land will they be gathered—for there is none without its soldier's grave—to honor our illustrious dead, to teach the young to emulate their heroic patriotism, and to point out to the coming generations how the glorious deeds of the American soldier are to be held in reverence and in everlasting remembrance.

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NEW HEROES OF NORTH AND SOUTH

The American Soldier! All honor to him! How shall we describe him? His endurance, his unflinching fortitude, his sublime courage, his stern devotion to duty, his generosity to a fallen foe? On this day, standing over the green mounds or beside the lofty monument, no longer will it be asked if he died under the Stars and Stripes, or under that flag now furled forever. Did he fall on Cuba's battle-fields, in the far distant Philippines, or was his a lingering death in the fever-stricken hospital, longing to be at the front with his comrades?

It will suffice to know that he was an American soldier who shed his blood freely for his State and for his country. May they all rest in peace! Well said the brave soldier-poet, who himself was laid to rest by the people of his native State in one of Kentucky's cemeteries:

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

. . .

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of Glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

• • •

CHAPLAIN JONES, OF THE TEXAS

THAT "the gentlest are the bravest," and that there is a passive courage which is rarer and nobler than any shown on battlefield or in the heat of combat, was never better shown than by the action of Chaplain Harry W. Jones, of the Texas, and a squad of marines during the burial of a sailor on the hills back of Guantanamo.

During the first bombardment of Santiago by Commodore Schley's fleet, a shell struck the Texas, killing one man and wounding several. After the battle was over it was decided to bury the brave fellow on the hill back of the Marine Camp, which the marines were holding against such great odds, at Guantanamo.

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It was known that the woods were full of Spanish sharpshooters, but no one thought for a moment that the enemy would be so base as to fire at a funeral party. So, without hesitation, the Chaplain volunteered to go ashore and give the body Christian burial. A guard of honor, consisting of thirty marines, and eight pall-bearers from the messmates of the dead sailor, were told off, and the party was landed on the beach below the camp.

With the tap of muffled drum, and with arms reversed, the sad cortège moved up the valley to the hillside, where a grave was dug in the soft soil. Then the body was lowered into the ground, and, taking his stand at the head of the grave, the Chaplain began to read the solemn words of the burial service, the marines and bluejackets grouping around with bared heads.

The Chaplain was just uttering the sad words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when ping! went the crack of a Mauser, and a little cloud of dust at his feet showed where the bullet had struck.

Any man might have been excused for being disconcerted at such an incident, but the brave Chaplain, beyond raising his head to see from whence this dastardly shot came, did not suffer it to disturb him in the least, and went on with the service.

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Soon the air was filled with the singing hum of bullets, and showers of twigs and leaves, clipped from the branches, began to fall on the heads of the party. The patter of the bullets on the sod was like the sound of hail, and a shot even went through the sleeve of the Chaplain's surplice. A body of Spanish sharpshooters had seen the party, had crept up to close range, and, regardless of their sacred mission, they were firing as fast as they could load at the defenseless American burial party.

But the Chaplain, heeding the shower of deadly missiles no more than if it had been harmless rain, continued to read the words of promise and comfort. The men, with bowed heads, listened reverently.

When the service was finished, the burial party filled in the grave, the bugler sounded "taps," the sailors said requiem, and the marines fired three volleys over the grave. Not until then did the treacherous attack cease. Cowards that they were, the Spanish took this firing to be a reply to their shots, and, with a scattering volley, they fled, leaving the little party in peace.

Strange to say, not one of the men was wounded or even touched by a Spanish bullet. The God of Battles had shielded them, and His Angel had sheltered them with his wings.

THE CRUMP'S CREEK TANGLE

A Decoration-Day Story

By John Habberton

CRUMP'S CREEK flows easterly over about six miles of the State of Virginia, but its course is so tortuous and its feeders so many that, could the main stream and its branches be straightened and arranged on the prolongation of one another, they would extend from their source to the Atlantic Ocean and almost out to the Gulf Stream.

But of this peculiarity of Crump's Creek the Union soldiers knew nothing in the year 1864, and there were reasons why the Confederates could not be expected to volunteer any information on the subject. Near the mouth of the creek, where the water was neither deep nor wide, lay a portion of Meade's Army, intent on visiting Richmond, a few miles away, and on taking with them such Confederates as might be persuaded, by the methods current in those days, to accompany them; so an order was given that the Sixth Corps should move to the westward with all possible celerity. The day was the thirtieth of May, the weather was pleasant, the men were fairly well fed and not heavily loaded, and thousands of their comrades of another corps were on their left flank, and they did not fear for the extreme right, so they started in the easy, careless manner peculiar to veterans who regard tramping over an enemy's country as a mere matter of course.

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The ways of any Virginia creek are as unexpected and deceptive as those of an Army mule, but Crump's Creek proved as exasperating to the Sixth Corps as if it were an entire corral of Army mules on a stampede. No sooner had the line of direction compelled the troops to leave the road than the advance encountered a stream which was too wide to jump, yet too shallow to require bridging. A day's first wetting of feet, through the necessity of fording streams, never has a cheering effect on soldiers' spirits, so, as one of the regiments reached the farther bank of the stream, the veterans indulged in language as lugubrious as the sound of the water in their shoes, and Billy Bray, one of the few recruits in the ranks, remarked:

"I wish I'd brought my fishing-boots down to the Army with me, for I haven't any extra socks, and I don't think wet feet are healthy. When do you suppose the Colonel will let us dry ourselves?"

"Next week, maybe," replied Long Stikes, one of the veterans; "that is, if everything goes right in the meantime." Then some of the other veterans laughed in a hard manner, of which Billy had become quite weary, for most of his questions and remarks since he had joined the regiment had been received with that same quality of laughter. So Billy made haste to say:

"Anyhow, the Southerners might have enough public spirit to bridge their old creeks. I don't believe they enjoy wet feet any more than we."

"No," responded Long Stikes, "and of course they ought to make travel down here as easy as possilbe for us strangers. I s'pose, too, that Pop Meade ought to have sent over to Bobby Lee for some guides to show us the easiest and dryest crossing-places, but the Generals are mighty forgetful of such little matters, for they can afford to wear long boots, and, besides, they ride horses, and horses don't mind wetting their feet. Maybe you'll call the attention of our division commander to it when he comes along; he might pay some attenion to it, comin' from somebody new."

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A croaking chorus of laughter was suddenly checked, to Billy's great delight, by another creek, which also was too wide to jump, but not too deep to wade.

"Same old creek," growled Long Stikes.

"No, 'tisn't," said Billy, "for the course of the water is north, just like that of the last one."

"'Tis, eh? Then we're in for a lot of others just like it."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it's a failin' of Virginia creeks to have no end of little branches. The ground in front of us is gettin' lower; that's another sign. If we can edge away to the left we'll find fewer creeks and less of somethin' wuss, too."

"What can that be?"

"Oh, swamps, an' bog-holes, an' briar-patches, an' brakes, an' dead logs, an' laurel clumps, an' vine-tangles, an' snakes—nice fat moccasins as big round as your arm."

"I should think——" Billy's thought remained unspoken, for at that instant a staff officer rode along the flank and requested regimental commanders to keep farther to the right. In the course of an hour the swamps, thickets and tangles which Long Stikes had foreseen began to appear in every direction.

The "form" of troops on the road is about as indefinite as that of a village crowd returning from a fire; that of troops making their way through forest and undergrowth is still worse, but in the progress of the Sixth Corps through the Crump's Creek maze there was no form whatever. Men lost sight of their colors and finally of their comrades, and continued to flounder, plunge, wade and objurgate during the remainder of the day, and all to traverse a bit of territory which, according to military critics who remained at home and followed the campaign by means of a map, should have been covered in two hours.

One of the stragglers was Billy Bray. He had not been long enough in the service to have seen a live Southerner within easy range, so he kept his eyes at close watch ahead. Probably it was for this reason that, before he had been in the tangle an hour, he lost most of his belongings, as well as himself. His hat had been snatched from his head and tossed into a mass of catbriar by a young tree which Billy had bent downward to help him across a bit of bog, and while attempting to recover his hat with the point of his bayonet he dropped rifle and bayonet, too, into the tangle, and had to cut them out with his pocket-knife. When he had done this, not one of his comrades remained in sight. Portions of Billy's coat had been torn away by briars and the ironlike spurs of some of the shrubs.

Then one of his feet became entangled in a lot of roots just beneath the surface of a boggy spot, and it refused so persistently to come out again that Billy was frightened into cutting his shoe and withdrawing the foot. To go farther, with one foot covered only by a stocking, was not to be thought of, so Billy removed the remains of his coat and tied some of the fragments around his foot, using his canteen strap as a string. His trousers were torn and newly muddied, and there were bleeding spots on his face and hands, so, when he chanced to stop by an unruffled pool that served as a mirror, he was quite amazed at the picture of himself that was reflected therein.

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Yet Billy struggled along, munching hardtack as he went, and drinking from brooks and pools, for although the water was very warm, the day was warmer. The sun beat cruelly upon his uncovered head, and burned his eyes so that at times he could scarcely see straight. He had been in wildernesses before, for he was from an interior county that contained miles of waste land, but up there were some marks for human guidance, and there was no probability that men with rifles and shotguns were prowling about with intent to kill any one coming in their direction. His head became very light and his rifle very heavy; he would never again believe the story that an Army rifle did not weigh more than twelve pounds.

He laid his course by the sun, which he tried to keep before him, but in his search for secure footing he frequently found himself with the sun at his back. Why shouldn't he leave the gun, a moment at a time, while he spied out a few feet of his route? He tried it once, with great relief; he tried it a second time with equal success, but the third time the gun seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth, and with it the stunted tree against which he had placed it. He stopped to rest and think; then he said to himself:

"I guess I'd better cut a pole to fix my bayonet on in case I meet a Johnnie. I—oh!"

Billy had suddenly found himself face to face with a man who did not look as if he belonged to the Sixth Corps. He was a long, thin man, with a long, thin face and long, thin hair. His clothes were dirt-colored, and he wore a dirt-colored hat. The man had no gun, but perhaps he had a knife; still, Billy's bayonet was longer than any knife. Besides, Billy was not sure that the man was a Southerner.

Meanwhile the man stood stock-still and stared hungrily at Billy; finally he opened his mouth and asked:

"Got any tubbacker?"

"No—I am sorry to say."

"Reckon I'll die ef I don't git a chaw pretty quick," sighed the man.

"Wouldn't it relieve you," suggested Billy, "to chew something else?—say a piece of hardtack?"

The man's dull eyes brightened as he replied:

"I reckon so."

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Billy opened his haversack and said, "Help yourself." The man took a biscuit, sat upon the ground and began to eat. The biscuit soon disappeared.

"Have another," said Billy; "but first tell me if you've seen any soldiers go along?"

"Nary," was the reply; "but there's lots of 'em a piece back."

"Good!—that is, what kind are they?"

"Both," said the man as he took another biscuit.

"Which kind is nearest?"

"Yanks."

So the chap was a Southerner. Ugh—still, if he was as hungry as he seemed he might be placated.

"Have some pork to smooth the cracker?" asked Billy. Then he extracted a disgusting-looking lump of pork from his sack and halved it with his pocketknife.

"I don't want to be a hawg," said the man, "but I'm plum holler, stranger."

"Then I'm glad you met me," said Billy.

"I reckon," said the man, "from the vittles you tote, that you're a Yank."

Billy's heart went up into his throat as he replied:

"Well, what if I am?"

"Then take me pris'ner. I hain't got nothin' to fight with, an' I couldn't fight a man I'd ate with, nohow. You hain't seen no woman an' young'uns in the brush here?"

"Not a soul."

"Then I hain't got nothin' left to fight for. My cabin's in here apiece, so when we'uns got down here I strayed from my rigiment to see my folks, but when I got to the cabin thar wasn't nobody thar, nor no word, neither. When I tried to git back to the rigiment thousands of you'uns was in the way. I never wanted to do nobody no harm."

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"See here, my friend," said Billy, whose heart had regained its normal position, but whose head was again becoming light, "business is business, and time is precious. You asked me to take you prisoner. If you'll guide me to our Army I'll get you tobacco before we've been there five minutes."

"Fa'r an' squar'?"

"Fair and square!"

The Southerner straightened himself and shouted:

"Let's git." Then he extended a long leg to the westward and expanded into a long yell, with many reminiscent, affectionate, lingering notes, the single word, "Tubbacker!"

"Don't go so fast, please," gasped Billy. "I'm all played out."

"Huh?" replied the Southerner, stopping. "Give a leg up."

"I don't understand."

"Git on my back. I'll tote ye."

Billy tried to climb, and the Southerner stooped to help him; a few minutes later Billy was dreaming of the days when his father carried him pickaback through the woodlot at home. Then he dreamed of an earthquake, and afterward of the rolling of the ship that brought him and a lot of fellow-recruits to Virginia. The motion awakened him, to find his bearer sinking to the ground.

Not far in front were some tents and horses and a fire, near which, sitting upon boxes, were a forlorn-looking woman and three scared children who resembled her; a tall, stout man was offering them food from a plate, and well away to one side stood two or three soldiers, looking on. On these men's caps was the trefoil—or, as the Army called it, the ace of clubs—which was not the badge of Billy's corps, the Sixth, but of the Second. Still, no matter; he had reached the Union Army. He was roused by the strange demeanor of his bearer, who had sunk to his knees and was crying.

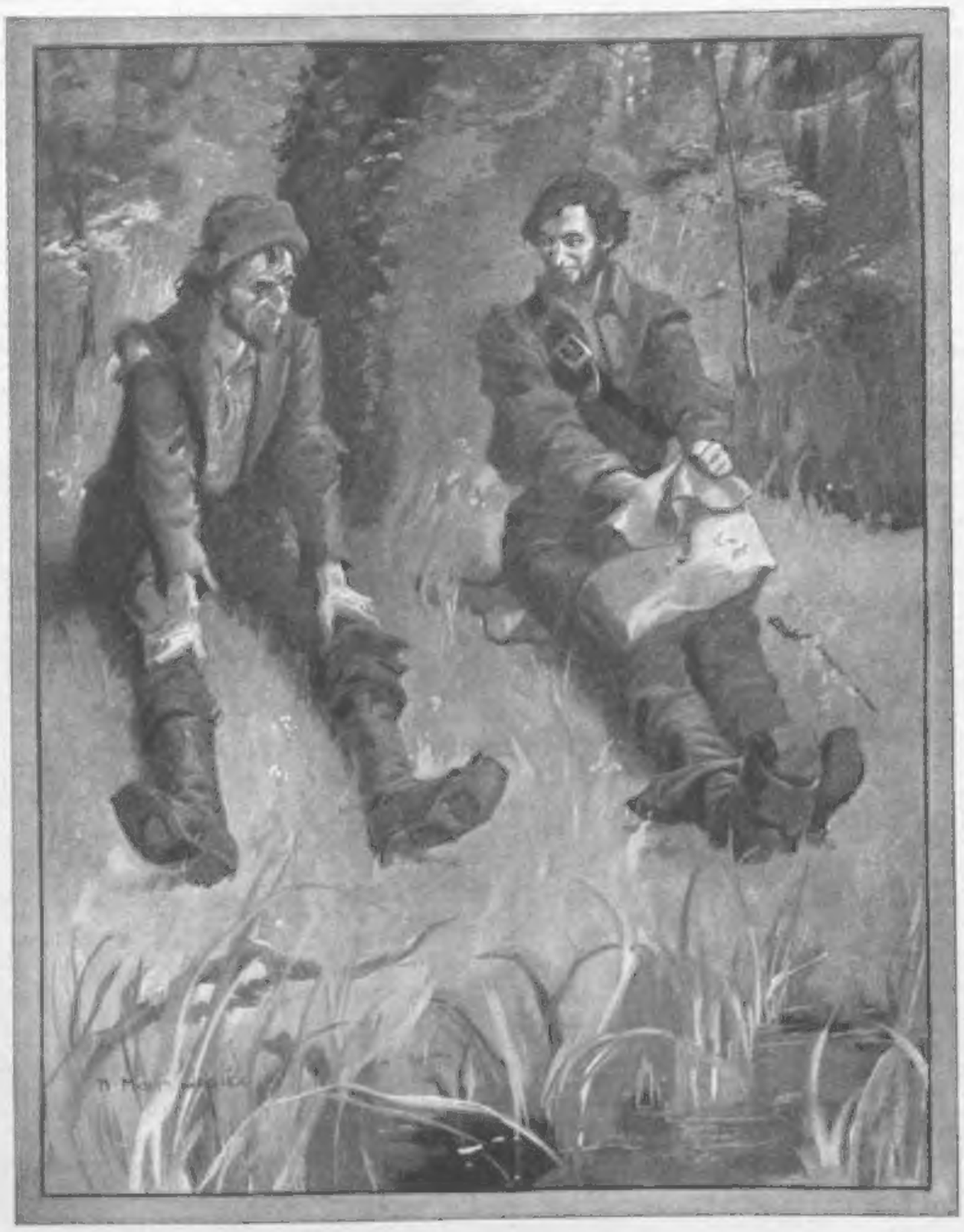
"I didn't mean to use you up," said Billy, "but I was so used up myself that I went to sleep. Why, what's the matter? What are you crying about?"

"Them's my folks," whimpered the Southerner, "an' thar's a Yank a-feedin' 'em."

"Your folks?" said Billy. "Then why don't you go up and speak to them?"

"Say, Yank; I reckon you never was away from your folks nigh on to a year, an' got back home to find

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A HAWG," SAID THE MAN, "BUT I'M PLUM HOLLER, STRANGER"



'em not thar, an' hunted the brush for 'em, an' wondered ef they'd ben killed or starved to death—an' then all o' a sudden run up agin 'em an' seen 'em gittin' fed. Besides, ef I went up to 'em the Yank might stop givin' 'em vittles. Powerful big feller, ain't he! Wonder what his name might be? I'd like to be his nigger all the way to Kingdom Come."

Billy gazed with interest at the man who could inspire so extreme an expression of gratitude. The face of the large man suggested a picture that Billy had seen, and—what?—two stars?—and with the Second Corps? Billy instinctively raised his right hand to the place where his hat should have been, and replied:

"That's General Hancock—the man who always gets there."

"A Yank Gin'ral? Well, stranger, I reckon he's got thar this time, too—seein' he's a-feedin' my folks."

As to Billy, the dream of his short military career had been to enjoy the bliss of speaking to a General, no matter which one. Now was his chance; so, forgetting his appearance—his shoeless foot, hatless head, dirty shirt, muddy trousers and torn face and hands—he limped forward, leading his companion with him. The distance was not a hundred yards, but before it was half covered a woman's voice shrieked "Jake!" and three children bleated "Pap!" four grayish-brown spots projected themselves toward the Southerner, Billy's projected address to the General flew out of his mind, and the redoubtable commander of the Second Corps, who to the day of his death was as impulsive, inquisitive and frank as a boy, dropped a coffee pot and tin cup and moved toward the group muttering:

"What—the—dickens——"

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Evidently it was time for some one to explain, so Billy saluted and said:

"General, I belong to the Sixth Corps, but I got lost and nearly torn to pieces in the swamp and tangle back yonder. This Southerner, who had a home back there, guided me out, and when I got too weak to walk he put me on his back and carried me through. When I met him he was looking for his own family, and here it is."

Hancock's broad, genial smile, which even a battle could not keep in hiding more than a few moments at a time, came to the surface in fine shape as its owner exclaimed:

"What? A Southerner?—and brought in a broken-down Union soldier on your back? Well, we're all Americans, thank Heaven! What can I do for you, neighbor?"

"You've ben a-doin' it, Gin'ral," replied the Southerner, pointing to his family.

"Nonsense! Women and children—frightened out of their home—we couldn't do less than see that they were fed. Isn't there some real good thing that we can do for you, personally? Something's on your mind; speak it out."

The Southerner looked sheepish; then he glanced appealingly toward Billy, shook his head sadly, looked at the ground, raised his eyes timidly, and asked:

"Got any tubbacker?"

The General turned his head toward the tents and shouted: "Orderly!" A dismounted trooper approached at the run while the Southerner exclaimed:

"I didn't go for to do nothin' wrong, Gin'ral! You ast me——"

"Orderly, do you smoke?—give me your tobacco. Thank you; that's all." Then the flat, brown plug was proffered to the Southerner, over whose face a great light broke; when a portion of the tobacco had disappeared the remainder was offered to the giver, who said hastily:

"Keep it, neighbor; I'll see that the orderly has some more. I'm sorry that your family has been so frightened; your wife has told me about it! but if you go back home I don't think you'll be disturbed. From the afternoon's dispatches I'm satisfied our men won't venture in that direction again, and General Lee's men probably know the character of the ground well enough to keep away from it."

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Again the Southerner looked appealingly at Billy, but that youth had eyes only for the great soldier who was talking to a common soldier—and one of the enemy's soldiers, too—as affably as if the man were an old acquaintance. The Southerner strode up to Billy, shook him and said:

"Tell him all 'bout it, cayn't ye?"

"Eh?" drawled Billy.

"Tell him what I be, an' how I come thar."

"Oh, yes; why, General, he's one of Lee's men, and when they got down here near his home he played hookey, just to see his family a minute, and he didn't find them, and when he started back he found our Army—your corps—in his way. And he was my prisoner, really."

"Eh? Yet he brought you in here on his back? Well, well!" Then the General exploded in a laugh so large that two or three horses looked around in large-eyed wonder. "Let me see. Neighbor, I guess I'll have to take your parole and——"

"I haven't got none, Gin'ral; I don't know what kind o' thing it is, but I know I haven't got it. I hain't got nothin'." The General pointed to the woman and children and replied:

"You've got them, neighbor. Technically, you are a prisoner of war; a parole is your word of honor that you won't fight against the United States until you're properly exchanged. It will let you go home with your family, and I think they need you. How far back do you live?"

"'Bout five mile, I reckon."

"H'm! This soldier you carried in must weigh at least a hundred and thirty pounds; do you suppose you can pack that weight of meat and hardtack back with you?"

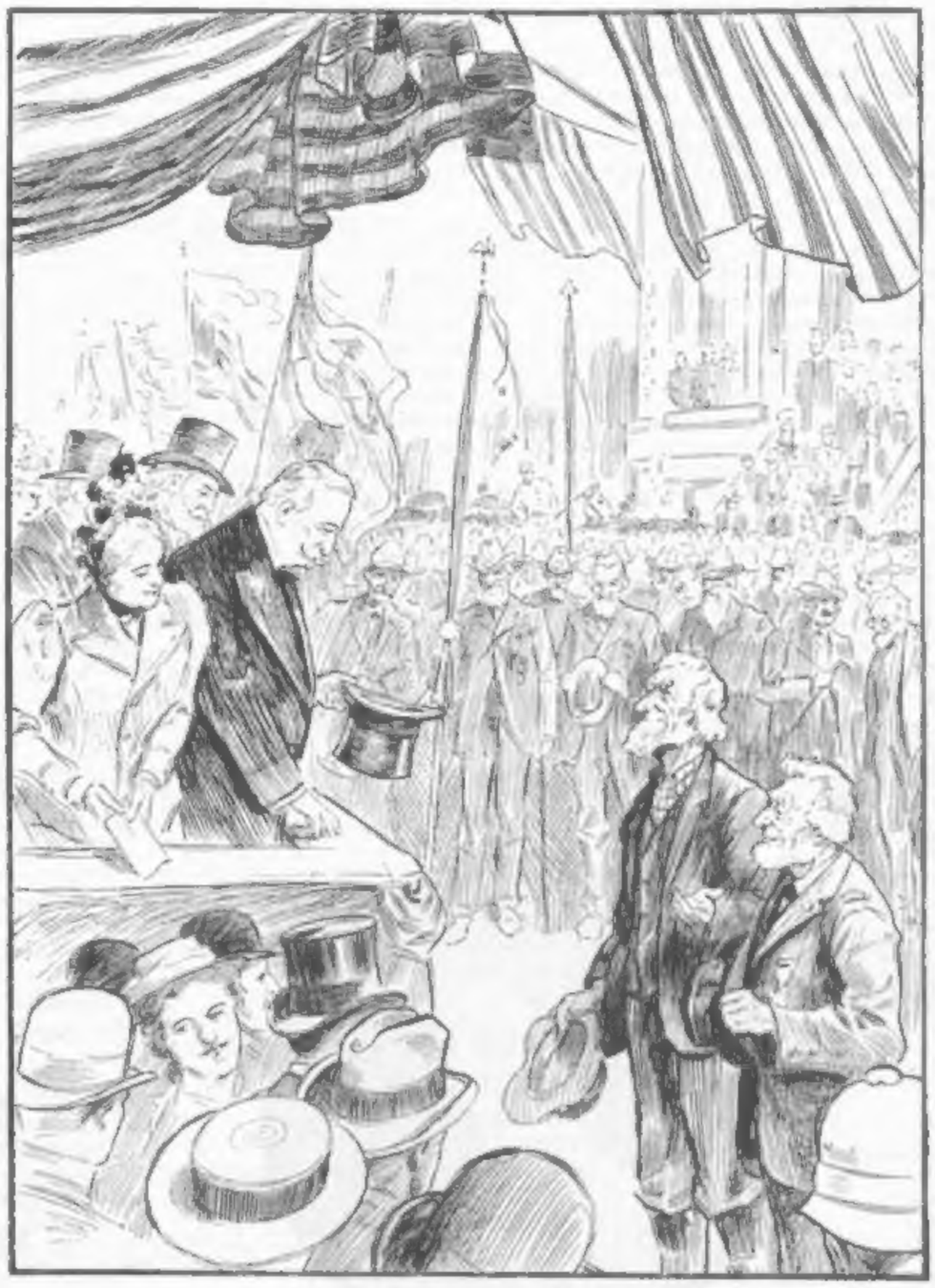
"Cayn't I! You ain't a-foolin', Gin'ral, air ye? 'Cause she's a hearin' ye."

"Fooling? Not a bit of it. You shall have as much more, too, as your wife and children can carry, and some coffee and salt and sugar with it, and—oh, yes—half a dozen plugs of tobacco. Orderly!"

Again the trooper appeared at the run. The General gave him some orders in an undertone, turned and said:

"The things will be right here pretty soon, and then you'd better start, because I don't know how long this ground will be a safe place for women and children."

Then he raised his hat, bowed and said, "Madam, I have the honor. Neighbor, shake hands. A prisoner—and brought in one of our men on his back! What day is this? May 30; it ought to be celebrated somehow." The General turned quickly and another great laugh shook the surrounding atmosphere.



"Here he is!" said Jake, pointing to Billy. The General raised his hat, and Billy was the proudest man in America as he roared: "Forward—march!"

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Nearly twenty years afterward Commander Billy Bray was marching Long Stikes Post, G. A. R., preceded by a fife-and-drum corps, through New York, in the Decoration-Day procession. Mature man though he was, he was also a countryman, and New York's paving-stones treated his feet cruelly, but he would have tramped barefooted rather than fall out, for General Hancock, the first and last General officer to whom he had ever spoken, was to review the parade. Billy, who had told his one great story for years, until all his comrades could repeat it word for word, had coaxed and bullied most of the members of the Post to go to New York and take part in the celebration.

There were the customary delays and halts, and all of them were comforting to Billy's aching feet; besides, they gave him opportunities for staring his fill at the crowd on the sidewalks, and observing the ways of the police toward the restless spirits who wished to cross the line of march.

One of these, an awkwardly dressed countryman, who towered leanly over the stout policeman before him, met every expostulation with:

"But I want to look at Gin'ral Hancock, gol durn it. I've tramped more'n two hundred mile to do it."

"You'll have to tramp a little more," said the officer. "Go up street, behind the crowd, until you get opposite the reviewing stand; that's where Hancock is."

"But thar ain't no behind to this crowd," the man complained. "Folks is thicker here than brakes an' briars down in Crump's Creek."

"I hope Billy didn't hear that jay say Crump's Creek," said one member of Long Stikes Post, "or he'll tell us that moss-grown story over again."

But it was evident that Billy had heard, for his eyes bulged as he approached the countryman and said:

"Hello, Jake! How's Maria and the young ones?"

Then it was the turn of the countryman's eyes to bulge, which they did for a full minute, after which their owner drawled:

"You little scamp! Ef it ain't you! Say—got any tubbacker?"

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A roar went up from the Long Stikes Post as the familiar words greeted their ears; then they broke ranks and crowded about the man, thrusting pieces of tobacco upon him.

"I've got some o' my own," said the man finally, thrusting his hand in his breast, "but it ain't for use. I'd die fust. Here's the plug the Gin'ral got me that day from his orderly—don't you recollect, Yank?"

"Yes!" roared every member of Long Stikes Post. The man seemed surprised, but Billy explained:

"All my friends know about you, you see. So you've tramped all the way up here to have a look at the General again, have you?"

"That's what I done. Money's pow'ful scn'ce down our way, an' as I'd got my truck planted, an' time didn't count for much, I come, for I seed in a paper that the Gin'ral was goin' to review the percession. But them thar constables won't let me go up the road."

"Well," said Billy, "you come with us—right beside me. Can you stand it to march with a lot of Yanks?"

"I reckon I kin. 'Thank Heaven, we're all Americans'—that's what the Gin'ral said that day—don't you recollect?"

"Yes!" roared every member of Long Stikes Post.

"Why doesn't this Post close up?" shouted an aide who rode into the throng.

"'Ten—tion, Post!" shouted Billy. "Forward—march! Fifers, play Dixie for all you're worth!"

The fifers obeyed orders, and Long Stikes Post, who were out for a lark anyway, sang the song, or whatever words they could recall, that had been adjusted to the music, and the crowd on the sidewalk was delighted.

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But Billy Bray did not sing; his memory had gone back, through many years, to the Crump's Creek tangle and his means of getting out of it. His rescuer deserved a good look at the General; Billy also wanted a longer look than could be had in a march-past at quick time. If one of the Post's halts could only be in front of the reviewing stand! The stand was already in sight; Billy thought rapidly; then he said to his companion:

"Jake, there's the stand—just ahead. Do you think you'll know the General when you see him?"

"Know him? Will I know him?"

"Then get on the flank—nearest the stand. Look with all your might—don't mind anything that may happen, but stick to the Post; don't let it go on without you.

"'Ten—tion, Post! Guide—left!—keep a good front! Fifers, drop Dixie; play Auld Lang Syne."

Again the fifers obeyed, and the Post approached the reviewing stand in fine form. There stood Hancock, more superb even than Billy, inspired by memory and many photographs, had dreamed him. Thirty paces—twenty—ten—five; then Billy saluted, and as his sword-point dropped he also dropped, a limp mass, upon the pavement, and the Post halted and gathered about him.

Jake, whose eyes had been riveted upon Hancock, approached the stand with reverent gait, bared head and adoring face.

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"It's the thirtieth of May, Gin'ral," he shouted, "an' the day is a-bein' celebrated. You recollect it?—May 30, 1864, a day or two after the North Anna fight, an' I packed one o' your men in on my back from Crump's Creek, an' found you a-feedin' my family? God bless you, Gin'ral! I've tramped more'n two hundred mile to look at you to-day. 'Thank Heaven, we're all Americans'—you said it that day; don't you recollect?"

The General's face became quite grave as he replied:

"Indeed I do, and I'm very glad to see you once more. I suppose you never again met the Union man you saved?"

"Why, thar he is, a-leadin' this comp'ny!"

An ambulance dashed up to remove the fallen man, and an aide ordered the Post to attention and to resume its march. Suddenly, without assistance, Billy got upon his feet and dragged Jake to the front of the Post.

"Here he is!" said Jake, pointing to Billy. The General raised his hat, and Billy was the proudest man in America as he roared: "Forward—march! Fifers, play For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

"What sort of game was it you was playin' on us back there, Billy?" asked some one when the next halt was made.

"Playing 'possum," replied Billy, "so that Jake could have a good long look at Hancock. Played it pretty well, too, didn't I?"

"Well, rather!"

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Long Stikes Post didn't go home until morning, and Jake did not start until a week later, for the Post took him home with them, to tell, at least a hundred times, a new version of the old story. When at last he did return to Virginia he had the best railway ticket that money could supply, and was preceded and followed by many boxes—expressage prepaid—of Northern products.

He was escorted as far as New York by Billy Bray, and the couple ventured over to Governor's Island with the hope of looking once more at Hancock, and somehow, before they had been there an hour, they were made to feel as if they had known the General all their lives, and they were forced to tell in full their dual story, and for their lives they couldn't make out whether the General was laughing or crying—not until Jake, at Billy's request, displayed the remains of the plug of tobacco which the General had borrowed from his orderly on the eventful day of the Crump's Creek tangle.

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MR. JOHN HABBERTON

Mr. Habberton was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1842, but most of his boyhood was spent in the West. Soon after his return to the East the Civil War began, and one night he "stampeded" a literary society of which he was a member, taking several of the members with him into the Union Army, where he served until the war ended.

After some years of work in a bookstore he drifted into journalism and authorship, and has published more than twenty romances, all of which, he says, were written hastily and succeeded far beyond their deserts, while his literary darlings—a condensation of the Spectator, with the purpose of persuading the present generation to read Addison, and an unconventional Life of George Washington, were dismal failures. Contrary to general opinion, Mr. Habberton's most successful book was not Helen's Babies, but a religious purpose-story entitled, All He Knew.

The Great Meeting of Women in London

When the London season is at its height in the last days of June and the first days of July, cultured women from all parts of the world will meet in one of the most important congresses ever held in any capital. It will be a gathering notable not only in its membership and attendance, but especially in the range of topics to be discussed and the exhibit it will make of the activity of woman in the great questions and interests of the time.

It is the International Congress of Women, held under the auspices of the International Council of Women, which was organized in Washington, in 1888. Socially, the occasion will be most interesting, the functions including the welcoming of the guests in Westminster Town Hall on Monday afternoon, June 26, a reception in Stafford House in the evening, two public meetings in Queen's Hall on the following days—one under the Duchess of Aberdeen to discuss Arbitration, the other on Political Enfranchisement for Women; a meeting at Surrey House, a garden party by the Bishop of London and Mrs. Creighton, and the close of the Congress on the Fourth of July, with a lawn party at Gunnersbury Park by Lady Rothschild and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild. The International Council, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is President and Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, Vice-President, will have a business session, but its main interest will be included in the progress of the Congress.

The sections are Education, Professions for Women, Legislative and Industrial Questions, Political and Social. Each of these has its departments, and the whole range of treatment will be broad, enlisting the interest and experience of the women of the civilized countries of the globe. To illustrate this thoroughness we may mention the nine departments in which education is divided: 1, The Child, Life and Training; 2, Schools; 3, Universities; 4, Modern Educational Experiments; 5, Technical Education; 6, Co-education; 7, Training for Teachers; 8, Examination System; 9, Women as Educators, and there are papers under each head.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON

The list of speakers gives many well-known names, and among those from America are Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Fannie Humphreys Gaffney, Mrs. Rebecca Douglas Lowe, Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, Mr. Thomas Osborne, Miss Emily Sartain, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Alden, of the New York Tribune, Mrs. Margaret A. Caine, of Salt Lake City, Miss Sadie American, of Chicago, Mrs. Nathan Nathan, of New York, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickenson, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Virginia T. Smith, of Hartford, Connecticut, Miss Sarah D. Farmer, Miss Octavia Williams Bates, of Detroit, Michigan, Mrs. Maria Purdy Peck, of Davenport, Iowa, and Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Illinois. This is only a partial list from one country.

The underlying importance of these meetings of women, which are growing in size and dignity, in variety of subject and seriousness of treatment from year to year, lies in this fact, that through them the high purpose, the sensitive moral consciousness, the devotion to duty, and sense of responsibility of our most thoughtful women are being brought to bear on the social problems of the time. It is simply the spirit of conscientious motherhood reaching out to a fuller accomplishment of duty—not to the neglect of the closest home interests, but to their better service.

These national councils, which have been formed in the United States, Canada, Germany, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland, New Zealand, New South Wales and Italy, and which each represent numbers of other organizations of women of different scope and purpose, have a peculiar social value.

Men have organized and federated among themselves for many centuries for purposes of offense and defense, for mutual protection and profit, for pleasure and benefit, and, in special forms, for education, religion and philanthropy; but organizations of women from the least to the greatest are mainly in the interests of public improvement; and however they may err in method, this wide stirring of the heart of humanity means good to the world.

Much shallow criticism is wasted on the women's club movement to the general effect that their meetings and papers are not on a level with those of scientific experts. The great fact before us is the good will, the kindly interest in public affairs, the desire to learn and to improve, the constantly widening range of interest and increasing power to serve mankind in the upward movement of the times.

The very position which has cut women off from active participation in the world's work gives them, while it yet lasts, an immense advantage of its own, in the power to study that work impartially and to give much needed help.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

The American Flag the First to Fly in Strange Waters

A trade propaganda that has the promise of highly beneficial results is being carried on quietly in distant waters by the United States Government through the medium of the light-draft gunboat Wilmington.

This vessel has already reached Manaos, a thousand miles up the mighty Amazon in Brazil, the highest point on that river ever visited by an American war-ship, or in fact by any war-ship of large size, and is scheduled to go fifteen hundred miles up the Solimoëus branch of the river to Iquetos, in Peru, and also several hundred miles up the Madeira River toward the Bolivian boundary. Much of this region, particularly that of the Upper Amazon, is practically unknown, and the mission of the Wilmington is to acquire a knowledge of the people, the country, and the resources that may be made available to American capital and enterprise. The United States already has a large trade in rubber and other commodities with the lower region of the Amazon.

At all these important points the Wilmington is being received with remarkable demonstrations.

Summer Training-School for Practical Charity Workers

The most novel of the special summer schools for which the United States is becoming famous has been established by the Charity Organization Society of New York City for purposes that are equally applicable to every large city in the country.

Work and instruction are intended to promote practical and discriminating philanthropy, and as far as possible college graduates are preferred to other students irrespective of sex. The course is for six weeks, and each student will be trained in both office and field work under the direction of the society's officers.

Field work comprises visitations to charitable, penal and reformatory institutions, and office or schoolroom work includes lectures, discussions, and the reading of reports by the students. Warner's American Charities and Richmond's Friendly Visiting Among the Poor are recommended for preparatory reading.

The Landing and Disposition of Immigrants, Italian Colony, Public School Sittings, The Care of Delinquent Children, Trained Nursing, and Registration in Charitable Work indicate, topically, the character of the reports expected from the students.

To Make Alcohol Take the Place of American Petroleum

Commercial jealousy of the United States in Europe is said to have found action in a movement to exclude American petroleum and to replace it with alcohol. Incandescent alcohol lamps have already become popular in France and Germany, neither of which has petroleum of its own.

The new lamps resemble the ordinary ones for petroleum, with wicks and chimneys, and yield a soft, brilliant light without smell or odor. They burn by generating gas, may be lighted instantly, and require no trimming, as the wicks never burn. In France the courtyard of the Palace of the Elysée in Paris, and in Germany the Imperial Palace at Potsdam and the Thiergarten at Berlin, are now lighted by the new system.

Burning alcohol may be produced at a retail selling price of about six cents per quart, and a strong fact that is promoting its popularity throughout Europe is that it may be distilled from substances that are now discarded as commercially useless. In both France and Germany powerful influences are working to make the manufacture and sale of industrial alcohol free to all.

Great Britain and Russia Guarantee the Integrity of China

After a constant and frequently threatening friction of a year's duration, Great Britain and Russia have perfected an agreement that will prevent the possibility of a collision between the two Governments in China and that guarantees the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire.

This is a timely conclusion, evidencing a vastly improved feeling between the Governments of Great Britain and Russia and proclaiming that the spoliation of enfeebled China must cease. The agreement recognizes Great Britain's "sphere of influence" as the Yangtse Valley, and Russia's as the North. Lord Salisbury attached the highest importance to the execution of the agreement, and is to be congratulated on the peaceful consummation of negotiations that give vitality to what he declared last summer to be the British policy toward China.

The United States should benefit by the cessation of the rivalry of these great nations, as our people have large and growing interests in the welfare of both, as well as that of China, with which our trade is increasing.

Important Industry from a By-Product of Iron Works

American scientists have rendered trade and the industries a most important service in discovering methods of utilizing a large number of residuary substances that were previously thrown away as valueless. The residuum of gas works, petroleum wells, lead smelters and coal mines, among others, has furnished as by-products some of the most valuable commodities of the day.

The latest discovery in this line is that an admirable substitute for Portland cement may be profitably produced from the iron slag that has heretofore been a useless by-product of pig iron works. The experiment has been thoroughly and successfully tested at two of the largest iron and steel works in the country, in Maryland and Illinois, and the great Tennessee Coal and Iron Company are erecting a plant at Birmingham, Alabama, with an initial capacity of 1000 barrels a day.

Filipinos Seeking Peace on the Anniversary of Dewey's Victory

The first anniversary of the great American naval victory in Manila Bay found the Filipino insurgents seeking a termination of hostilities. Within a few days they had been driven from their so-called capital city of Malolos to Calumpit, which, from its peculiar and favorable situation, they deemed absolutely unassailable.

There a determined stand against the American advance was attempted, but the intrepid Funston and his devoted Kansas Volunteers taught them that Americans understood how to turn the impossible into the possible, while MacArthur, Wheaton, Lawton and Sumner tightened the irresistible cord around the flower of their Army.

The mainstay of the native Army, General Antonio Luna, with 3000 of the most seasoned of the Filipino troops, was completely routed at Apalit, a short distance above Calumpit, and the next day Luna sent representatives to confer with General Otis regarding terms of surrender. The Filipinos demanded a cessation of hostilities for three weeks that their "government" might determine whether to continue the struggle or not; but General Otis refused to recognize any political body or to consider any terms other than unconditional surrender.

A Personal View of Our Growing Prosperity

A few weeks ago the POST noted the enormous sum of money that people of the United States had bequeathed and given for charitable, religious and educational purposes during the past year, independent of the grand outpouring for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors.

So far, this year, the great total of 1898 bids fair to be far exceeded. From Harvard University comes the report that never before in the history of the university have gifts, paid in and prospective, been so abundant as now. Other great institutions have similar cause for rejoicing.

In the first three months of 1899 the POST'S records of gifts and bequests of $5000 and upward each foot up more than $5,000,000, and a suggestive feature of this year's benefactions is the large increase of those averaging from $5000 to $50,000 each, showing that more people are giving this year than did last year.

The New Extradition Treaty Between Mexico and the United States

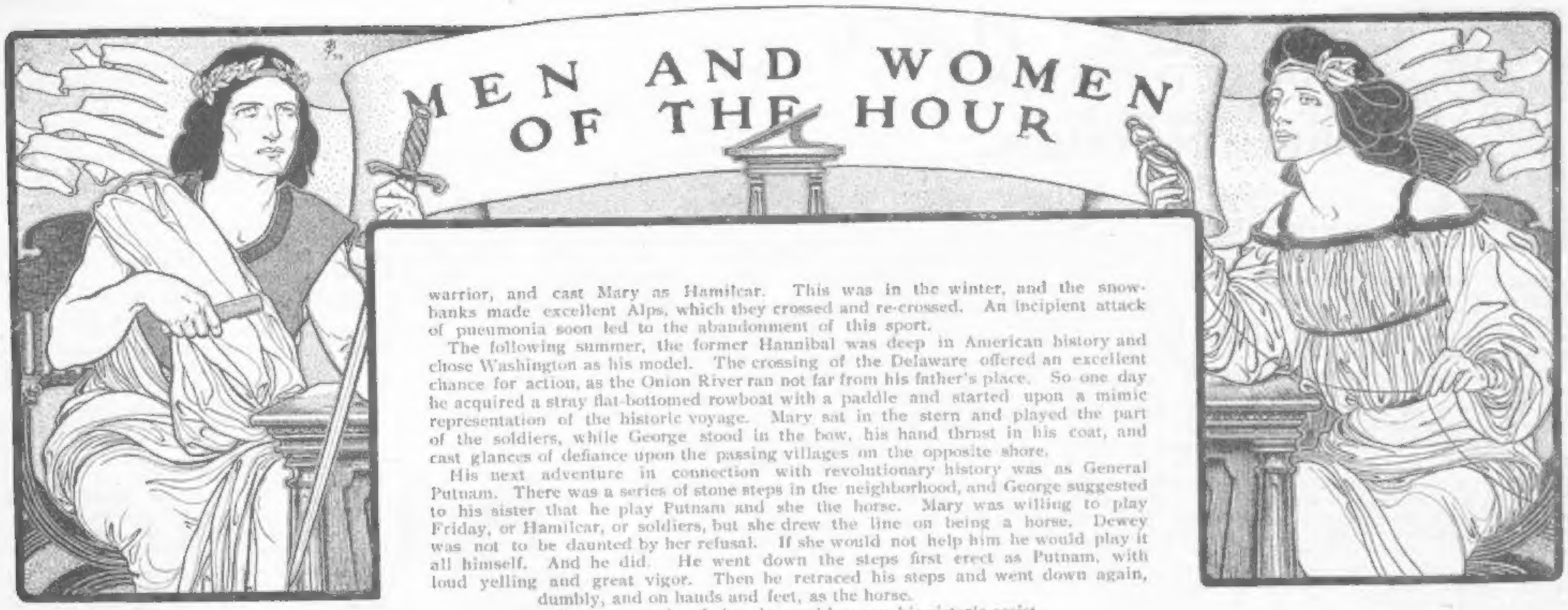
A new extradition treaty has been negotiated between the United States and Mexico which contains a number of features that were not in the former one. The embezzlement clause is enlarged so as to include all defalcations and thefts as well as the abstraction of public moneys, and there is a clause providing for the delivery of stolen goods on the demand of either Government. In order to cover some cases of extradition that arose between the termination of the old and the signing of the new treaty the latter has a retroactive effect.

Federation of Protestant Churches for Benevolent Work

One of the signs of the times is the close association of churches for practical philanthropy, a movement that not only benefits benevolence, but broadens religion itself.

In a single American city, where a federation of churches and Christian workers is in operation, fourteen denominations were thus united within the space of three years. In England the Federation of Free Churches is now six years old, and at the recent annual council every evangelical nonconformist body was represented.

It is declared, on authority, that the federation movement is extending itself in all parts of the English-speaking world, and with results that would not otherwise be attainable.



The Extreme Bashfulness of "Uncle Remus"

Few writers, with the exception, perhaps, of Rudyard Kipling, carry their dislike of notoriety to the extent that "Uncle Remus," Joel Chandler Harris, does. An affable and most genial man ordinarily, the fact that some admirer of his work is desirous of seeing him produces a fit of nervousness which causes him to play hide-and-seek, and if this fails and he is confronted the author is generally found to be a much better listener than talker. His home in Atlanta is on the outskirts of the town, and although a daily contributor to the Atlanta Constitution he works entirely at home and sees very little of society.

Although Atlanta is visited in the course of the year by nearly all of the theatrical companies, he has never been known to go to the theatre to see one, the only time that he will come out of his shell being when James Whitcomb Riley gives one of his readings.

This happened about six years ago, and then there was no more delighted appreciator in the house than "Uncle Remus." For the next five years, however, he carefully avoided the theatre. When, about a year ago, the Hoosier poet made another tour of the South, Frank L. Stanton asked Mr. Harris to accompany him that night to the reading. When the poet called early in the evening to make sure that "Uncle Remus" would be ready in time, the latter was already prepared and was beginning to worry.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"Won't we be late?" he asked.

"Not for several hours yet," answered Stanton.

The next day the Georgia poet and the Illinois poet went for a drive, and in accordance with the former's plan stopped at Mr. Harris' house. Mr. Riley at first objected to going in, on the ground that it wasn't fair to surprise a man in this way.

"If he knew you were coming," replied Stanton, "and had waited for you, by this time he would have had nervous prostration."

As it was, "Uncle Remus" was "caught" before he had worked up to the proper nervous pitch, and though he swung his hat to and fro in a much-abashed manner during the first few minutes of conversation, he and the man he admired so much soon became fast friends, and Riley seldom visits the South without spending some little time with Harris at Atlanta.

Mr. Harris is a most methodical worker; he goes to the Constitution office every morning at eight o'clock for his mail and papers, and remains about half an hour, going home to work. In addition to his newspaper labors he is at present engaged on two books.

The above is from his latest photograph. "This picture," he writes, "was taken by a young lady. She got the smile, but missed the blush—I assure you there was one."

Which goes to show what a really artistic thing color photography would be in the hands of a good-looking young woman.

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Five New Stories About Dewey

Miss Margherita Arlina Hamm, who has written a new life of Admiral Dewey which will appear about June 1, has obtained from the Admiral's relatives some charming stories of the great sailor's boyhood, which have never before been published.

When Dewey was about seven years old, his sister, now Mrs. Mary Greeley, who was a few years his elder, read to him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The Admiral's life of adventure may be said to have begun with this incident, and for the next four or five years his sister was his faithful aid and follower. He started a Crusoe's island for himself in his father's barn at Montpelier, Vermont. He was Crusoe, and his sister was his man Friday. He dug a cave in the stable, and there he lived for a part of the day and evening with a goat and a dog he had acquired from the live stock of the neighborhood.

The goat was picked up on a foraging expedition which the young castaway undertook one night, clad in the garb of the original Crusoe so far as the household wardrobe would permit. The dog was captured in the same manner. One day he tried to add a neighbor's cow to his larder. Then Doctor Dewey, the Admiral's father, interfered.

The next adventure followed the reading of a child's history of Hannibal. Dewey at once assumed the rôle of the warrior, and cast Mary as Hamilcar. This was in the winter, and the snow-banks made excellent Alps, which they crossed and re-crossed. An incipient attack of pneumonia soon led to the abandonment of this sport.

The following summer, the former Hannibal was deep in American history and chose Washington as his model. The crossing of the Delaware offered an excellent chance for action, as the Onion River ran not far from his father's place. So one day he acquired a stray flat-bottomed rowboat with a paddle and started upon a mimic representation of the historic voyage. Mary sat in the stern and played the part of the soldiers, while George stood in the bow, his hand thrust in his coat, and cast glances of defiance upon the passing villages on the opposite shore.

His next adventure in connection with revolutionary history was as General Putnam. There was a series of stone steps in the neighborhood, and George suggested to his sister that he play Putnam and she the horse. Mary was willing to play Friday, or Hamilcar, or soldiers, but she drew the line on being a horse. Dewey was not to be daunted by her refusal. If she would not help him he would play it all himself. And he did. He went down the steps first erect as Putnam, with loud yelling and great vigor. Then he retraced his steps and went down again, dumbly, and on hands and feet, as the horse.

It was some time before he could secure his sister's assistance after this quarrel, and he only got it through an emergency. He had planned a minstrel show with an accompaniment of firearms. The jokes were emphasized by pistol shots from the young actor. A little girl in the neighborhood had been cast for the leading female part, but even youthful managers are subject to professional disappointments, and Dewey's "leading lady" came down with the measles the day before the performance. Then Dewey turned for aid to his sister. Mary consented, at the last moment, to preserve the family honor. The show was given in the Dewey barn, and the audience was large and appreciative.

"I can't do it, Georgie," said Mary tearfully. "I don't know what to say."

"Never mind that," replied the actor. "You say whatever comes into your head, and when you get stuck, I'll shoot."

She ploughed bravely into her part, but had not gone far till it was necessary to do some noisy prompting. The result was that at the end of the second act, Doctor Dewey, at the solicitation of the neighbors, was again obliged to interfere. He made a pleasant speech to the youngsters, and the rest of the show went on quite as merrily, if not as noisily, as at first.

Secretary Long's Brief Interview

"Secretary Long was, when in Boston, one of the best men to interview that I ever met," says a well-known newspaper man who, since the war, has called himself a journalist, "and he was never misquoted. This was due to the fact that he always wrote out opinions for the interviewer and insisted upon nothing else being printed.

"I recall but one deviation from this rule. I was working on a paper that made a specialty of freak assignments, and was sent the day after the 'Glorious Fourth' to ask the 'Governor,' as we called him, how he spent the holiday.

"He was very busy when I entered his office, but as usual extended a cordial greeting and asked my errand.

"'Governor,' said I, 'the —— wants to know how you spent the Fourth.'

"Quickly the answer came:

"'Minding my own business,' and with a look of disgust that he made no attempt to conceal he turned his back."

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Made a Lawyer by Women

One of the successful lawyers of Lower Canada is Miss Clara Martin, who has recently won two important suits opposed by some of the most renowned practitioners of the province. Miss Martin combines beauty with high social position, an exceptional education and remarkable cleverness. Yet in spite of these advantages she was only admitted to practice after great difficulty. It is a curious illustration of the power of united womanhood in the New World.

CLARA MARTIN

The legal procedure in Canada is old-fashioned and excessively formal, being based on the common-law practice of three centuries ago. Miss Martin's diplomas and college degrees, and even her preliminary examination, were favorable in the highest degree. This would have been sufficient in this country, but in Canada it is necessary that one should be approved by a body known as the Benchers, composed of old and conservative lawyers. They rejected the application.

But Miss Martin was undaunted. She appealed to the International Council of Women, comprising the leading women's clubs of the English-speaking world. The President at that time was Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Governor-General of Canada. Her ladyship took an active interest in the case, and as a result a series of resolutions were sent in to the Benchers from all over the world. These were followed by articles in the daily, weekly and monthly press, all commending Miss Martin, and most of them calling for the abolition of the Benchers themselves. This latter probability had more effect upon that body than the former, because within a short time the decision was reversed.

Miss Martin has not overturned the practice of law in Canada, as the Benchers feared she would; on the other hand, she has followed in the footsteps of her male predecessors, and her recent successes have justified the confidence her friends had in her abilities.

ROBERT P. PORTER

Robert P. Porter's Marvelous Memory

One of the secrets of the success of Robert P. Porter, editor, tariff expert, Superintendent of the United States Census of 1890, and recently United States diplomatic agent in the West Indies and afterward in Germany, is his wonderful memory for figures. He fairly revels in statistics. In his home in New York there are several rooms filled with volumes upon volumes of industrial statistics. Many of these Mr. Porter can readily quote from memory. An illustration of this occurred not long ago. A Chicago man was boasting of the rapid growth of his city.

"We have 2,000,000 inhabitants now. You gave us 1,100,000 in 1890," he said.

"Not as much as that,' replied Mr. Porter. "The exact figures were 1,099,850. Your school census of 1892 gave 1,400,000."

The conversation then turned upon New York City.

"You under-estimated that also."

"Yes. We gave New York 1,515,301, and the State census of '92 gave 1,801,739."

"Where do you carry all these figures?" asked the Chicago man.

"I believe I can repeat from memory the best part of the important figures in my census," returned Mr. Porter.

"Can you tell me how many negroes there were in this country in 1890?" asked the Westerner with an air of triumph.

"There were 7,470,040," repeated the statistician without a second's hesitation; "and there were 107,475 Chinese."

The visitor took down the census report from the bookshelf and found that Mr. Porter had not made a single mistake.

A new book on Cuba, by Mr. Porter, is announced, and it is probable that his experiences in Germany will make another.

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Susanne Adams' Home-Coming.—Susanne Adams, one of the prima donnas of the Grau Grand Opera Company, recently sang at a concert in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was the first time she had sung there since she left as a girl to go abroad and study music. It was a royal home-coming. The applause seemed endless, and after the performance the people formed in a line to shake hands with the fair singer. A large part of the audience had known her all her life.

The Mixed Pedigree of General Luna.—General Antonio Luna, who now appears to be the fighting leader of the Filipinos, is a mixture of Spaniard, Tagal, Chinaman and Igorrote. Regarding his odd pedigree, he says:

"It's an unpleasant mixture in some respects. The Spanish in me wants to kill the Filipinos. The Igorrote in me has the same feelings toward the Spanish. The Tagal in me hates them both, and the Chinaman in me takes absolutely no interest in the other three."

He has visited the United States, but dislikes it because "the people never sleep and seldom rest."

Duran's Dog Critic.—Carolus Duran, the great French painter who contemplates a visit to this country, tells a story illustrating that four-footed critics are sometimes as severe in their judgment as are humans.

"Years ago," said the famous artist, "a distinguished Court lady gave me a commission to paint her favorite dog. His mistress brought him to the studio and posed him, while I painted. At the fifth session the work was practically done, and I asked for her judgment. She left her place, and, followed by her canine friend, walked across the studio to the easel. Mistress and dog looked at the picture a moment, both turned up their noses, and then the dog without any warning bit me on the leg—and the picture was not a very bad one, either."

Cassini and the Antique Coin.—Comte Cassini, Russian Ambassador to the United States, is a brilliant wit and a man of many-sided culture. His peculiarities were brought into prominence, in Washington, on one occasion when a banker, more distinguished for commercial genius than for antiquarian knowledge, produced what he claimed were ancient Egyptian coins. He descanted upon one of them, winding up with the remark: "This was made so long ago that even the place of its creation is forgotten."

Cassini sighed as he remarked, "Yes, I must be getting to be a very old man, for I remember the little shop in Birmingham where the manufacturer used to turn them out at three shillings and sixpence a dozen."

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XXIV

WHEN he had parted with Semple at a corner where the busy broker, who had walked out with him, obviously fidgeted to get away, Thorpe could think of no one else in the city whom he desired to see. A call upon his bankers would, he knew, be made an occasion of extremely pleasant courtesy by those affable people, but upon reflection it seemed scarcely worth the trouble.

He was in a mood for indolent sauntering, and he made the long stretch of the Holborn Thoroughfare in a leisurely fashion, turning off when the whim seized him into odd courts and alleyways to see what they were like.

After luncheon he continued his ramble, passing at last from St. Giles', through avenues which had not existed in the London of his boyhood, to the neighborhood of the Dials. Here, also, the landmarks seemed all changed, but there was still enough ostentatious squalor and disorder to identify the district. He observed it and its inhabitants with a certain new curiosity.

A notable alteration for the better had come over his spirits. He strolled along in placid contentment, taking in the panorama of London's more intimate life with the interest of a Londoner who has obtained a fresh country eye.

He who had seen most of the world, and not cared much about the spectacle, found himself now consciously enjoying observation as he had not supposed it possible to do. He surrendered himself to the experience with a novel sense of having found something worth while—and found it, moreover, under his very nose.

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In some dull, meaningless fashion he had always known this part of London, and been familiar with its external aspects. Now, suddenly, he perceived that the power had come to him of seeing it all in a different way. The objects he beheld had specific new meanings for him. His mind was stirred pleasurably by the things they said to him.

He looked at all the contents of the windows as he passed—at the barrows of the costers and hawkers crowding up the side-streets; at the coarse-haired, bare-headed girls and women standing about in their shawls and big white aprons; at the weakling babies in their arms or about the thick, clumsy folds of their stained skirts; at the grimy, shuffling figures of their men-folk, against the accustomed background of the public-house corner, with its half-open door and its flyblown theatre bills in the window; at the drivers of the vans and carts, sleepily overlooking the huge horses, gigantic to the near view as some survival from the age of mammoths, which pushed gingerly, ploddingly their tufted feet over the greasy stones; at foul interiors where through the blackness one discerned bent old hags picking over refuse; at the faces which, as he passed, made some special human appeal to him—faces blurred with drink, faces pallid with under-feeding, faces worn into masks by the tension of trouble, faces sweetened by resignation, faces aglow with devil-may-care glee—he looked, as it were, into the pulsing heart of something which had scarcely seemed alive to him before.

Eventually he found himself halting at the door of his sister's bookshop. A new boy stood guard over the stock exposed on the shelf and stands outside, and he looked stonily at the great man; it was evident that he was far from suspecting his greatness or his relationship.

It pleased Thorpe for a little to take up one book after another and pretend to read from it, and force the boy to watch him hard. He had almost the temptation to covertly slip a volume into his pocket and see what the lad would do. It was remarkable, he reflected with satisfaction—this new capacity within him to find drama in trifles.

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There floated into his mind the recollection of some absurd squabble he had had with his sister about the sign overhead. He stepped back a few paces and looked up at it. There were the old words—"Thorpe, Bookseller"—right enough, but they seemed to stand forth with a novel prominence. Upon a second glance he saw that the board had been repainted.

The details of the episode came back to him now. For some reason, or no reason at all—he could not now imagine what on earth could have prompted him—he had last spring caused his sister to be informed of his wish that her own name, Dabney, should be substituted for that of Thorpe on her sign. It was to Julia that he had confided this mission, and it was Julia who, in a roundabout way, had disclosed to him presently her mother's deep resolution to do nothing of the sort. He laughed now at the added defiance that this refurbishing of the old sign expressed, and still was grinning broadly as he entered the shop and pushed his way to the rear.

She stood beside her desk, as she seemed to have stood ever since he could remember her—tall, placid, dull-eyed, self-sufficient, exhaling, as it were, a kind of stubborn yet competent listlessness. Her long, mannish countenance expressed an undoubted interest in his presence, when she recognized him, but he had no clear perception whether it were pleased or otherwise.

In their infrequent latter-day encounters he had dropped the habit of kissing her, and there was certainly no hint in her manner of expecting, much less inviting, its renewal now, but upon a sudden impulse he drew her to him with an arm flung round her gaunt waist and smacked his lips with effusion upon her cheek.

Her surprise, as she withdrew herself somewhat forcefully from his embrace, was plain enough. "Well!" she exclaimed vaguely, and then looked at him. "You're getting latter."

"No, I'm not," he rejoined with the earnestness belonging to an important topic. "People think I am, but it's merely the looseness of these clothes. There's really no difference since I was here last."

The glance they exchanged was so full of tacit comment that this visit was long ago, that Thorpe put it into words.

"Let's see—that was just before Christmas, wasn't it?"

"Something like that," she responded. "You were going to get married in a week or two, I remember, and that was in January, wasn't it? I was taking stock, I know."

He nodded in turn. The thought that his only sister recalled his marriage merely as a date, like a Royal anniversary or a bank holiday, and held herself implacably aloof from all contact with his domestic life, annoyed him afresh. "You're an awful goat, not to come near us," he felt impelled, in brotherly frankness, to tell her.

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She put out her lips and wagged her head a little in a gesture which it flashed across him his own mirror might often have recorded. "I thought that was all settled and done with long ago," she said moodily.

"Oh, I won't worry you with it, Lou," he observed with reassuring kindness of tone. "I never felt so much like being nice to you in my life."

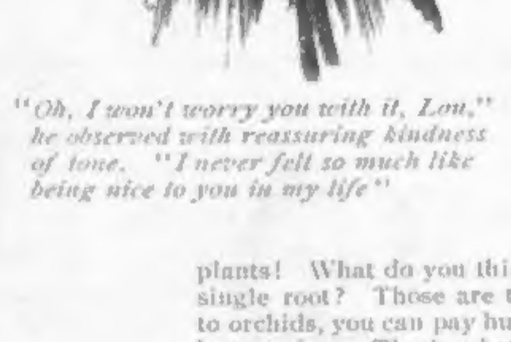
She seemed surprised at this, and regarded him with a heavy new fixity of gaze. No verbal comment, apparently, occurred to her.

"Julia and Alfred all right?" he queried cheerfully.

"I dare say," she made brief answer.

"But they write to you, don't they?"

"She does—sometimes. They seem to be doing very well, from what she says."



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It pleased Thorpe for a little to take up one book after another and pretend to read from it, and force the boy to watch him hard

"She'd write oftener if you'd answer her letters," he told her in tones of confidential reproach.

"Oh, I don't write letters unless I've got something to say," she answered, as if the explanation were ample.

The young people were domiciled for the time being at Dusseldorf, where Alfred had thought he would like most to begin his Continental student-career, and where Julia, upon the more or less colorable pretext of learning the language, might enjoy the mingled freedom and occupation of a home of her own. They had taken a house for the summer and autumn, and would do the same in Dresden or Munich, later on, for the winter.

"What I would really have liked," Thorpe confided to his sister now, "was to have had them both live with me. They would have been as welcome as the day is long. I could see, of course, in Alfred's case, that if he's set on being an artist he ought to study abroad. Even the best English artists, he says, do that at the beginning. So it was all right for him to go. But Julia—it was different with her—I was rather keen about her staying. My wife was just as keen as I was. She took the greatest fancy to Julia from the very start—and so far as I could see, Julia liked her all right. In fact, I thought Julia would want to stay, but somehow she didn't."

"She always spoke very highly of your wife," Mrs. Dabney affirmed with judicial fairness. "I think she does like her very much."

"Well, then, what did she want to hyke off to live among those Dutchmen for, when one of the best houses in England was open to her?" Thorpe demanded.

"You mustn't ask me," her mother responded. Her tone seemed to carry the suggestion that by silence she could best protect her daughter's interests.

"I don't believe you know any more about it than I do," was his impulsive comment.

"I dare say not," she replied with indifference. "Probably she didn't fancy living in so big a house—although Heaven knows her ideas are big enough about most things."

"Did she say so?" Thorpe asked abruptly.

The widow shook her head with dispassionate candor. "She didn't say anything to me about it, one way or the other. I formed my own impressions—that's all. It's a free country. Everybody can form their impressions."

"I wish you'd tell me what you really think," Thorpe urged her, mildly persuasive. "You know how fond I am of Julia, and how little I want to do her an injustice."

"Oh, she wouldn't feel that way," Louisa observed vaguely. "If you ask me plain, I think it was dull for her."

"Well," said Thorpe, upon reflection, "I shouldn't be surprised if it was. I hadn't thought of that. But still—why, she and my wife could be company for each other."

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"You talk as if life were merely a long railway journey," she told him, in an unexpected flight of metaphor. "Two women cooped up in a lonesome country house may be a little less lonely than one of them by herself would be—but not much. It's none of my business—but how your wife must hate it!"

He laughed easily. "Ah, that's where you're wrong," he said. "She doesn't care about anything but gardening. That's her hobby. She's crazy about it. We've laid out more in new greenhouses alone, not counting the plants, than would rebuild this building. I'm not sure the heating apparatus wouldn't come to that, alone. And then the plants! What do you think of six and eight guineas for a single root? Those are the amaryllises—and if you come to orchids, you can pay hundreds, if you like. Well, that's her passion. That's what she really loves."

"That's what she seizes upon to keep her from just dying of loneliness," Louisa retorted obstinately, and at a sign of dissent from her brother she went on: "Oh, I know what I'm talking about. I have three or four customers—ladies in the country, and one of them is a lady of title, too—and they order gardening books and others through me, and when they get up to town, once a year or so, they come here and they talk to me about it. And there isn't one of them that at the bottom of her heart doesn't hate it. They'd rather dodge busses at Charing Cross corner all day long than raise flowers as big as cheeses, if they had their own way. But they don't have their own way, and they must have something to occupy themselves with, and they take to gardening. I dare say I'd even do it myself if I had to live in the country."

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"That's because you don't know anything about the country," he told her, but the retort, even while it justified itself, had a hollow sound in his own ears. "All you know outside of London is Margate."

"I went to Yarmouth and Lowestoft this summer," she informed him crushingly.

Somehow he lacked the heart to laugh. "I know what you mean, Lou," he said with an affectionate attempt at placation. "I suppose there's a good deal in what you say. It is dull, out there at my place, if you have too much of it. Perhaps that's a good hint about my wife. It never occurred to me, but it may be so. But the deuce of it is, what else is there to do? We tried a house in London, during the season——"

"Yes, I saw in the papers you were here," she said impassively, in comment upon his embarrassed pause.

"I didn't look you up because I didn't think you wanted much to see me," he explained with a certain awkwardness; "but bygones are all bygones. We took a town house, but we didn't like it. It was one endless procession of stupid and tiresome calls and dinners and parties; we got awfully sick of it, and vowed we wouldn't try it again. Well, there you are, don't you see. It's stupid in Hertfordshire, and it's stupid here. Of course one can travel abroad, but that's no good for more than a few months. Of course, it would be different if I had something to do. I tell you the truth, Lou—sometimes I feel as if I were really happier when I was a poor man. I know it's all rot—I really wasn't—but sometimes it seems as if I was."

She contemplated him with a leaden kind of gaze. "Didn't it ever occur to you to do some good with your money?" she said with slow bluntness. Then, as if fearing a possible misconception, she added more rapidly: "I don't mean among your own family. We're a clannish people, we Thorpes; we'd always help our own flesh and blood, even if we kicked them while we were doing it—but I mean outside, in the world at large."

"What have I got to do with the world at large? I didn't make it; I'm not responsible for it." He uttered the phrases lightly enough, but a certain fatuity in them seemed to attract his attention when he heard their sound. "I've given between five and six thousand pounds to London hospitals within the present year," he added, straightening himself. "I wonder you didn't see it. It was in the papers."

"Hospitals!"

It was impossible to exaggerate the scorn which her voice

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

imported into the word. He looked at her with unfeigned surprise, and then took in the impression that she was upon a subject which exceptionally interested her. Certainly the display of something approaching animation in her glance and manner was abnormal.

"I said 'do some good with your money,'" she reminded him, still with a vibration of feeling in her tone. "You must live in the country, if you think London hospitals are deserving objects. They couldn't fool Londoners on that point, not if they had got the Prince to go on his hands and knees. And you give a few big checks to them," she went on meditatively, "and you never ask how they're managed, or what rings are running them for their own benefit, or how the money is spent—and you think you've done a noble, philanthropic thing! Oh, no; I wasn't talking about humbug charity. I was talking about doing some genuine good in the world."

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He put his leg over the high stool, and pushed his hat back, with a smile. "All right," he said genially. "What do you propose?"

"I don't propose anything," she told him after a moment's hesitation. "You must work that out for yourself. What might seem important to me might not interest you at all, and if you weren't interested you wouldn't do anything. But this I do say to you, Joel—and I've said it to myself every day for this last year or more, and had you in my mind all the time, too—if I had made a great fortune, and I sat about in purple and fine linen doing nothing but amuse myself in idleness and selfishness, letting my riches accumulate and multiply themselves without being of use to anybody, I should be ashamed to look my fellow-creatures in the face! You were born here. You know what London slums are like. You know what Clare Market was like—it's bad enough still—and what the Seven Dials and Drury Lane and a dozen other places around here are like to this day. That's only within a stone's throw. Have you seen Charles Booth's figures about the London poor? Of course you haven't—and it doesn't matter. You know what they are like. But you don't care. The misery and ignorance and filth and hopelessness of the two or three hundred thousand people doesn't interest you. You sit upon your money bags and smile. If you want the truth, I'm ashamed to have you for a brother!"

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"Well, I'm hanged!" was Thorpe's delayed and puzzled comment upon this outburst. He looked long at his sister, in blank astonishment. "Since when have you been taken this way?" he asked at last, mechanically jocular.

"That's all right," she declared with defensive inconsequence. "It's the way I feel. It's the way I've felt from the beginning."

He was plainly surprised out of his equanimity by this unlooked-for demonstration on his sister's part. He got off the stool and walked about in the little cleared space around the desk. When he spoke it was to utter something which he could trace to no mental process of which he had been conscious.

"How do you know that that isn't what I've felt, too, from the beginning?" he demanded of her, almost with truculence. "You say I sit on my money bags and smile; you abuse me for doing no good with my money; how do you know I haven't been studying the subject all this while, and making my plans, and getting ready to act? You never did believe in me!"

She sniffed at him. "I don't believe in you now, at all events," she said bluntly.

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He assumed the expression of a misunderstood man. "Why, this very day," he began, and again was aware that thoughts were coming up, ready-shaped to his tongue, which were quite strangers to his brain, "this whole day I've been going inch by inch over the very ground you mention. I've been on foot since morning, seeing all the corners and alleys of that whole district for myself, watching the people and the things they buy, and the way they live, and thinking out my plans for doing something. I don't claim any credit for it. It seems to me no more than what a man in my position ought to do. But I own that to come in, actually tired out from a tramp like that, and get blown up by one's own sister for selfishness and heartlessness and miserliness, and all the rest of it—I must say, that's a bit rum."

Louisa did not wince under this reproach as she might have been expected to do, nor was there any perceptible amelioration in the heavy frown with which she continued to regard him. But her words, uttered after some consideration, came in a tone of voice which revealed a desire to avoid offense. "It won't matter to you, your getting blown up by me, if you're really occupying your mind with that sort of thing. You're too used to it for that."

He would have liked a less cautious acceptance of his assurances than this, but after all one did not look to Louisa for enthusiasm. The depth of feeling she had disclosed on this subject of London's poor still astonished him, but principally now because of its unlikely source. If she had been notoriously of an altruistic and free-handed disposition he could have understood it. But she had been always the hard, dry, unemotional one; by comparison with her he felt himself to be a volatile and even sentimental person. If she had such views as these, it became clear to him that his own views were even much advanced.

"It's a tremendous subject," he said, with a loose largeness of manner. "Only a man who works hard at it can realize how complicated it is. The only way is to start with the understanding that something is going to be done. No matter how many difficulties there are in the way, something's going to be done! If a strong man starts out with that, why, then he can fight his way through, and push the difficulties aside, or bend them to suit his purpose, and accomplish something."

Mrs. Dabney, listening to this, found nothing in it to quarrel with, yet somehow remained, if not skeptical, then passively unconvinced. "What are your plans?" she asked.

"Oh, it's too soon to formulate anything," he told her with prepared readiness. "It isn't a thing to rush into in a hurry, with half-baked theories and limited information. Great results, permanent results, are never obtained that way."

"I hope it isn't any Peabody model-dwelling thing."

"Oh, nothing like it in the least," he assured her, and made a mental note to find out what it was she had referred to.

•

"The Lord Rowton houses are better, they say," she went on, "but it seems to me that the real thing is that there shouldn't be all this immense number of people with only fourpence or fivepence in their pocket. That's where the real mischief lies."

He nodded comprehensively, but hesitated over further words. Then something occurred to him. "Look here!" he said. "If you're as keen about all this, are you game to give up this old shop and devote your time to carrying out my plans when I've licked 'em into shape?"

CONSCIOUSLY ENJOYING OBSERVATION AS HE HAD NOT SUPPOSED IT POSSIBLE TO DO

She began shaking her head, but then something seemed to occur to her. "It'll be time enough to settle that when we get to it, won't it?" she observed.

"No; you've got to promise me now," he told her.

"Well, that I won't!" she answered roundly.

"You'd see the whole—the whole scheme come to nothing, would you?" he scolded at her, "rather than abate a jot of your confounded mulishness."

"Aha!" she commented, with a certain alertness of perception shining through the stolidity of her mien. "I knew you were humbugging! If you'd meant what you said, you wouldn't talk about its coming to nothing because I won't do this or that. I ought to have known better. I'm always a goose when I believe what you tell me."

A certain abstract justice in her reproach impressed him.

"No, you're not, Lou," he replied coaxingly. "I really mean it all—every word of it—and more. It only occurred to me that it would all go better if you helped. Can't you understand how I should feel that?"

In a grudging way she accepted anew his professions of sincerity, but she resisted all attempts to extract any promise.

"I don't believe in crossing a bridge till I get to it," she declared, when, on the point of his departure, he last raised the question, and it had to be left at that.

He took with him some small books she had tied in a parcel and told him to read. She had spoken so confidently of their illuminating value, that he found himself quite committed to their perusal, and almost to their indorsement. He had thought during the day of running down to Newmarket, for the Czarevitch was to be run on the morrow, and some one had told him that that was worth seeing. By the time he reached his hotel, however, an entirely new project had possessed his mind. He packed his bag and took the next train for home.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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"TO MEET MR. CAVENDISH"

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

THE cards read "To meet Mr. Cavendish." I had not been in Boston long, and I must confess to a poor head for names, so I had no idea who Mr. Cavendish was or what he had done, but he was to be at Mrs. Emerson's, so I knew he had done something. Priscilla was no better informed.

There were only five guests there, besides Mr. Cavendish, when we arrived, and after we were introduced it so happened that Cavendish and I found ourselves talking together.

He looked tired, so I said as a starter: "Don't you find your work exhausting?" I thought I'd play "twenty questions" with him and determine what he had done.

"Sometimes it is, very. The expenditure of force fairly makes my throat ache."

It was easy. He was probably a Wagnerian singer.

"I suppose you have to be very careful about your throat."

"Why, no," he said; "I never think about my throat."

He wasn't a singer.

"Well, you're in love with your art."

He smiled. "Yes, I'm in love with it."

I was in despair. What was he?

But now I would nail him. "What are your methods of work, Mr. Cavendish?"

"Oh, I don't spend much time in over-elaboration. My brush strokes are very broad."

Ah, a painter. "Exactly," I said. "You like a free hand."

He said: "After all, the words are everything."

Ah, a writer. "Yes," said I, "your words are everything to the public."

"I hope so. I try to make them so," he said modestly.

Now I felt easier and proceeded to praise him specifically.

"Which do you like best—to make your public laugh or cry, or do you aim to instruct it?"

"It is easy to make persons laugh, so I suppose I like rather to bring them to tears. As for instruction, there are those who say it is not our province to instruct."

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"But you do all three, Mr. Cavendish."

He bowed as if he thought I had hit it.

I said: "To those who are familiar with your work there is something that makes you just the man to pick up for a quarter of an hour."

His blank expression showed that I had made some mistake. He is a tall, portly man, and he seemed alarmed at the prospect of being picked up. A fall would be serious.

"I don't quite get your meaning, but I suppose you refer to the men about town who stray in for a few minutes."

It seemed a queer way to express it, but I replied: "Oh, yes; just to browse. You repay browsing, Mr. Cavendish."

He smiled reminiscently. "Speaking of browsing, when I was told to go ahead on Richelieu I browsed a long time in the British Museum getting up data."

What, a painter after all? I forgot all else he had said and told him I thought he was as happy as Sargent or Whistler.

"Yes, I don't let little things worry me much. Sometimes the paint gives out at a critical time in a small town."

Good Heaven! Why should the paint give out in a small town at a critical time? *Was* he a painter after all? Could he be a traveling sign-painter?

"Does it bother you to work up in the air?"

"That's an original way of putting it," said he with a genial laugh. "To play to the grand-stand, as it were. Oh, no; a man must do more or less of that to succeed."

I was shocked. "You surely don't believe in desecrating Nature. Sermons in stones if you will, but not sermons *on* stones. You wouldn't letter the Palisades if you had a chance, would you?"

He edged away from me and said, "Oh, no, I wouldn't letter the Palisades, although I dare say my man of affairs would be glad to."

Then I gave up. His man of affairs. He must be a gentleman of leisure to have a man of affairs.

And then up came Ticknor Fields, the dramatic critic, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Cavendish? Let me congratulate you upon your success as Richelieu. At last a successor to Booth has been found."

I went and got a glass of iced water. My throat was dry.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following The Market-Place, in the POST of June 10, a romance of Old New York and New—entitled The Circle of a Century—by Mrs. Burton Harrison, will begin to run serially.

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The New Memorial Day

MEMORIAL DAY, 1899, marks a new epoch in American history. Originally designed as a day to be set apart for patriotic teaching and for the paying of a public tribute to the men who died in their country's service, it has by recent events made its observance co-extensive with the boundaries of the nation. The decoration of the graves of the soldier dead was one of its impressive features, but was extended in many localities to the known graves of soldiers who had fought in any of the wars in which the flag of the Government had been imperiled. Thus soldiers of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 were duly honored as well as those who served in the war of the Rebellion. Upon the coming Memorial Day, however, there is no State but which will have its national soldier dead and in which there will not be the graves of brave men who fell fighting on behalf of a reunited country and under a flag which represents its power and authority. The war with Spain has therefore in a great measure made our Memorial Day one of national observance, and the flowers, this springtime, will be called into requisition to do honor to those who have yielded up their lives as patriots and soldiers in its prosecution.

Thus will pass into history another of the incidents tending to attract public attention and present to the world what must be regarded as a relic of sectionalism in this nation. The memories of those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray will continue, no doubt, to be in evidence in many localities, but the overshadowing of all this by the common interests which all now have in the Government must be the controlling idea. What can afford better material for the orator than the magnificent fighting and the wonderful results which have marked the war just closed? The stories of our heroes, the songs inspired by their patriotism, the prowess of our men of the Army and of the Navy will be rehearsed in fervent language, and cannot fail to impress all with the new-born glory of the American Republic. From these achievements all sectionalism has been eliminated. It is the story of the American soldier and the American sailor, than which there is none brighter on history's page. He came from no particular locality, North or South, East or West, but from the home of the American Patriot. Therefore we assemble with a new song, with new impulses, and with a new determination to meet whatever the future may have in store for us, with our heads bowed and our hearts raised in thankfulness to Almighty God for this evidence of a nation reunited forever.

—J. P. S. GOBIN,
Past Commander-in-Chief G. A. R.

* * *

The Streets are the People's

MUNICIPAL ownership is not a dream nor a delusion. It is a plain matter-of-fact business proposition by which the people hope to secure for themselves honest administration, good service and cheap rates.

No factor in the United States is so responsible for the rapid growth of the municipal ownership idea as the very corporations that are most bitterly opposing it to-day. The heads of corporations that denounce municipal ownership advocates as socialists, anarchists and enemies to so-called vested property rights have, as a rule, in the past been the first to violate their contracts with municipalities, the first to seek corruption of Mayors and Councils, the first to invoke the courts against the people, and the last to recognize that the one and only way to hold the confidence of the people is to be honest.

I cannot theoretically argue for or against municipal ownership. In my present position for two years past I have been investigating the "insides" of the problems of governing a great city. In this time I have learned one thing positively—that corporations suffer more from their own mistaken acts than they do from encroachments by the people. The wanton abuse which corporations heap upon the people breeds the municipal ownership disciple, and as this disciple springs from the people who must depend upon the corporations for service it is fair to presume that he represents growing popular sentiment.

Without discussing any of the "ifs" connected with experimental municipal ownership, I take the position that what the people demand they should have. To take a contrary position is to invite revolution, although some of our corporations appear not to appreciate this. I think there was a time when the American public was very much afraid of corporations. I believe the time is at hand, if it has not already come, when the people realize that they are stronger than the corporations, and that a law-breaker at the head of a street railway corporation is no more entitled to immunity than a common thief. This realization on the part of the people of their own strength and rights is the foundation of the municipal ownership movement, and opposition to it is as useless as an effort to dam a flood.

In these last days of the nineteenth century the people have come to these definite beliefs—that water should be free, light free, streets free, and transportation charges no greater than cost of maintenance plus—if there is private ownership—a moderate profit—say, for illustration, a profit no greater than six per cent. per annum. If a private corporation engaged in transportation can earn more than six per cent., there is a popular belief that the excess should be expended in street paving, street cleaning, lighting, better cars, more seats, and, when these have been provided, then lower fares.

For the life of me I cannot see why corporations should take great umbrage at these demands. The theory of transportation is that it is for the convenience of the public, and not for enormous dividends. Unfortunately, too many of our corporations have reversed the theory and made dividend-earning the primary object, and accommodation of the public as remote as possible. No wonder, then, that there is rising to confront the spectre of vested private property rights the giant of vested public rights.

The streets of Chicago, and of every municipality in the United States, belong absolutely to the people, and no ordinances, contracts, special legislation or peculiar grants can take them away from the people. Public highways, whether through fields of grain or dividing business blocks, cannot be subordinated to the gain or the abuse of private corporations. The people have the first call upon these highways, and the corporations must either pay liberally for their use, sell out their plants to the people, or quit.

I am not inimical to the growth or the rights of any corporation having an honest work to perform and an honest profit to enjoy, but municipal ownership is being fostered in every community of the United States to-day by the downright dishonesty of the corporations and downright abuse of the very people whose streets they are using by let and not by inherent right. I am ready to see Chicago undertake municipal ownership whenever her people shall unmistakably declare for it. The people tried the experiment of making a republic and won; they have tried municipal ownership of water and succeeded. They conquered a civil war, have adjusted their own finances, and solved a dozen other as difficult problems without lasting harm to any one.

Why the people should not be trusted with municipal ownership I cannot understand from any point of view except that which would compel me to believe that the people are dishonest. That I never have believed, nor ever will believe. I am willing to take my chances with any experiment that the people themselves wish to try. I do not believe that the final result could be worse than the evils which exist to-day.

—CARTER H. HARRISON,
Mayor of Chicago.

* * *

The Wave of Sympathy

IRONIC foreigners have often pointed out that America, more than any other country, is subject to the hot and cold fits of popular excitement. As a matter of fact, popular feeling is not only frank, but it takes a wide range. The "heart of the people" is more than a figure of speech. English society is cut up into cliques and castes; in France the conservatism of the country is in perpetual opposition to the hysterical radicalism of Paris; in no country is the population so stirred by one impulse as in America.

There have been many illustrations of this unanimity of feeling—the most significant, perhaps, being those that came with the fine unexpectedness of a spring shower.

No one, for instance, could have foretold the wave of sympathy that swept over the country when the illness of Rudyard Kipling was made known. Here was a young man who had told clever tales—smart stories of heroism and duty and loyal labor; who had sung the red song of conquest with a fine swashbuckler air; it might have been expected that men of his craft, the readers of magazines, and the literate public would be interested in his illness. What happened? The chance of his death assumed the dignity of a national peril. For days it was the one subject of universal interest. Cabmen and street-car conductors, workingmen and mechanics, greeted each other with the anxious inquiry, "How's Kipling?" They had not read his books. They had only a general idea of what he had done. And yet they felt that he was a brave man, an honest workman like themselves, and their hearts went out to him as he fought with death. The heart of democracy was touched.

The ironic foreigner, had he been in New York during Mr. Kipling's illness, would doubtless have declared that all this sympathy was decidedly uncritical. And so it was. Of those who watched for the bulletins probably not one in ten could have named one of his books. The sympathy was not for his work; it was for the man.

And why for this man more than for another?

Ah, that is one of democracy's secrets.

The basis of a man's popularity is never quite clear. Forty years after the Revolution, Lafayette returned to America. Never, perhaps, was there such a great popular uprising—all in memory of the young Marquis who had come so gallantly to the aid of the struggling Colonies. We loved him for that one splendid gesture. And for that the world has gone on loving him—forgetting all the rest.

It may be that in Rudyard Kipling democracy sees one of its ideals, just as it did in the little French Marquis. But what ideal? Not that of literature, certainly. Nor can I bring myself to believe it is his roystering imperialism that has gone home to the American democracy.

*

Half a century ago Charles Dickens came to this country. Like Mr. Kipling, he had no love for America and little respect for Americans. Yet his visit was a national sensation. It reminds one who knows French history of the celebrated ovation to Voltaire. He was welcomed with an outburst of exultant enthusiasm. Now, this is not so difficult to understand. Dickens had written books that went straight to the popular heart. He had incarnated in many a brave character the democratic ideals. With infinite tenderness and loyalty he had described the lives of the people. He had laid bare the poetry of the poor man's life. It was only natural that the great democracy should welcome him, for Dickens was a knight of the people's order.

Mr. Kipling belongs to a different order. He distrusts the people. He is the apostle of conquest. He is the led-captain of imperialism and aristocracy.

The people of the most democratic country on earth have made of him a popular hero. It is difficult, as I said, to understand the exact significance of this outburst of feeling.

One thing is very clear: the people of America are close-knit in their sympathies. There are few who are raised above the influence of a popular excitement and few are sunk below it.

The country was as much interested in Mr. Kipling's illness as it would have been in the peril of a President. One impulse of sympathy and concern united college and workshop, village and farm. That is the important fact. It is of no great importance that men should think alike. National safety lies in the people's capacity to feel alike. These waves of popular excitement—though they are laughed at by the ironic foreigner—have this use: they show that the heartstrings of our people are in tune.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

* * *

Truth and Fiction

SINCE novel-writing has been conducted on a purely scientific basis there has been a vast deal of laborious classification, of ticketing, and labeling, and placing all the stories that ever were written in their own particular little pigeonholes, and instructing an already over-instructed world which pigeonholes to seek and which to rigorously avoid. Time was when novels were broadly separated into the interesting and the dull, a simple, primitive division which answered the reader's purpose, and kept him in pleasant paths, but now it is explained to us with asperity that what we in our ignorance find dull is precisely that fidelity to truth which should command admiration and respect. If we hint that truth and fiction are not necessarily one, or that the external truths which live forever in art are far removed from incidental truths, such as electric cars or afternoon teas, we are reproached in scathing terms as upholders of childish and impossible romance.

But even in life things do happen sometimes. Men and women fall in love and out of love, grow suddenly rich and suddenly poor, murder each other now and then, behave with glaring and manifest impropriety, go on the stage, write successful books, enter convents, are drowned at sea or killed in battle, and rise meteorlike from the lowest walks of life to dazzling honors and distinction. Why should the novelist who recognizes these possibilities be scorned and branded by the novelist who doesn't? Why should incident be held to degrade fiction, when it flaunts conspicuously and shamelessly on every page of history? The incidents that have occurred in the world since Noah left his Ark are neither few nor trifling. The incidents occurring every day on a large and ostentatious scale must be profoundly annoying to those strenuous students of microscopy who will allow their readers no keener excitement than the breaking of a flask, no deed more heroic than the ringing of a doorbell, no temptation more seductive than a cup of tea.

It is extremely difficult, we are told, to write a novel about dull men who go every day to their offices, and dull women who trim their own bonnets and have trouble with their cooks. It is difficult to write even a short story about a gentleman who calls on a lady, thinks of proposing to her, and doesn't; or about a youth who, after a conversation with a friend of his maternal aunt's, decides to study law, or to vote the straight Republican ticket, or to buy a bull terrier. But, granting the up-hill character of the work, it does not follow that a thing which is hard to do is necessarily worth the doing. One remembers wise Doctor Johnson, who, being informed that a young lady's performance on the pianoforte was very difficult, answered sadly that he wished it had been impossible. Nor is fidelity to the commonplace the sole characteristic of good fiction. The position of the veritist is like that of the sailor who was challenged by a companion to rivalry in verse.

"In the Bay of Bengal
I lost my all,"

said mariner number one.

"In the Bay of Biscay
I lost my stockings,"

responded mariner number two.

"But your lines don't rhyme," said number one indignantly.

"Maybe not," said number two, "but they're the truth, which is more than you can say for yours."

So with the veritist. His story, as a story, may be found wanting. "But then," he explains, "it's true."

—AGNES REPPLIER.

* * *

Sentiment in the Business World

ONE thing that the world sadly needs is sentiment in its business. What we call charity is sheer sentiment, and for this reason ineffective as a permanent regulator of conditions. It is not thorough or enduring. Like to-morrow's weather, it is a guess. It is not the reward of effort, but of misery. A man can never earn it save by suffering. It is the last thing that poverty desires because of the agony and humiliation which are its conditions precedent. For hundreds of years it has been tried, and the poor have struggled and fallen and died in spite of it.

The sentiment which animates the charitable, if applied practically to business, would work a regeneration. If the purchaser asked not "How cheaply can I get this article?" but "How much did the man or woman get who made it?"—if the employer asked himself "How much can I really afford to pay for labor?" instead of asking the laborer "How cheaply will you work?" there would be a new impulse to civilization. That sad old saw, "Business is business," has been used to stifle many a generous emotion and to break many a human heart.

That would be an inspiring employer who should adopt the policy that labor is above all things human, and so entitled to the highest wages that can possibly be paid; and some day, doubtless, such an one will rise above the dollar-mark and preach the new doctrine of sentiment in business to the world. For, after all, civilization as we know it is very young. There are no Utopias—there is no altruism. Everything that is good is possible. The vistas into far countries, opened by our war with Spain, disclose the semi-barbarians yet groping in the darkness—a wonderful object-lesson in the newness of our world, and in the leaps and bounds by which the favored races have gained their present heights.

With such an impetus and such a past, civilization has for the future everything to hope. Its imperfections prove its youth and its youth assures development. It is conglomerate, inchoate, in the mass, clearing its eyes from the shadows of the jungles from which it has so recently emerged. In time, all of its finer dreams will come to pass. Humanitarian theories will not blast in the budding, but will blossom into beneficent conditions. Charity will become practical because business will become charitable, and the poor, then only comparatively poor, will earn their benefactions by labor and retain their courage, their ambition and their self-respect.

—FRED NYE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

In Julian Hawthorne's editorial, The Question of Sex Before the Law, he puts the matter in the only way in which it can be considered under the present existing conditions.

But the best reason why women should not receive the same penalty for crime as man is the fact that woman had no voice in making the law by which she is condemned; and furthermore, she does not receive a fair trial, in that she is tried by a jury of men who cannot understand her motives nor the temptations peculiar to the sex. What man, charged even with a petty crime, would be willing to abide by the verdict brought in by a jury of women in his case?

We believe that many murders committed by women are due to the same feeling that impels the perpetrators of lynch law—"we cannot get justice from the courts, so we will take the law into our own hands." The woman who kills does so because, as Mr Hawthorne says, it is the last expression of hate; and man does not realize that there is a worse fate for women than death.

Lockport, New York.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

In a recent issue Julian Hawthorne writes on The Question of Sex Before the Law. I have always contended, and always will, that the death penalty should never be inflicted on women, who do not help make our laws. As long as there is discrimination between the sexes in making laws, man himself will discriminate between the male murderer and female murderer and the infliction of the death penalty.

The real question, then, is not "Shall capital punishment be altogether abolished?" but "Shall the death penalty be inflicted on women who have no voice in making the laws?" What do you think, Mr Editor?

New York City. E. L. BRADY

[There seems to be no real, valid reason, based on justice, why woman should not have the right of suffrage—if she wants it. But whether or not women have any part in making the law, she must be governed by those laws when they *are* made. Laws are enacted for the protection and welfare of society, and must govern every member of society. If they be just, they should be rigidly enforced; if unjust they should be amended or repealed. When the administration of the law becomes discriminative between rich and poor, between Jew and Christian, between man and woman—then it becomes unjust. If you would save woman from the death penalty for murder, because she does not make the laws, she should by the same logic be free from *any* penalty whatever. Then she must be equally immune from *any* punishment for any crime or misdemeanor. Then your position becomes "Whoever is not a law maker cannot be a law-breaker." Thus over two-thirds of our population, or nearly 50,000,000 individuals, women, aliens and minors of both sexes, would be outside the pale of the law, subject to no law. When the 50,000,000 persons are thus removed from being subjected *to* the law, they cease to have any right to claim protection *by* the law. This is but one of the many phases of the untenability of your position.]

* * *

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Referring to Mr. Skinner's article on tramps, in a recent issue of the Post, I would ask, "Why should the badly dressed, ill-smelling and homeless tramp-thief be alone sent to Guam? Why not send his teacher as well?" The tramp sees not only sixty but six hundred thousand thieves who will not work, living in the most select luxury, by stock gambling, by trusts, and by the trick of making others work for them and then stealing the worker's reward.

If labor is made to keep the well-clothed thief, is it a great thing that it should also keep the poor thief, who, compared with his rich brother plunderer, wants so little?

Then, again, how many of these poor wretches whom Mr Skinner would cast out have themselves been robbed and ruined by social laws, and are but the result of a deeper iniquity than individual laziness?

Until the other thieves have been dealt with they should be fully protected, guided and governed here, and not in Guam, however much they may offend the olfactories of the civilization that has produced them.

Toronto, Ontario. ARCTURUS.

[If it be right to punish dishonesty in the poor, it should be punished wherever found and proved, no matter what be the wealth of the individual. But your logic seems to be that until we punish all cases of "grand larceny" we should not punish "petit larceny." It is a question where class distinctions as between rich and poor should not hold; it is simply a matter of breaking a law. Every law, human and divine, has a punishment for its infraction; the just view seems to be not to "let the poor offender free because the 'rich' (as you put it) are free," but punish both.]

NOTE—Under this heading will be given, weekly, short letters from contributors on topics suggested by the editorial page. Writers will kindly keep their letters for this column within the limit of one hundred and fifty words.

American Kings and Their Kingdoms

Senator WILLIAM A. CLARK The COPPER KING

By Perriton Maxwell

FOUR AND-THIRTY years ago William A. Clark left Philadelphia bound for nowhere in the West. The remnants of a bitterly bought $100 were in his trousers pocket, the glow of ambition on his face, and the pinch of hunger in his stomach. He went out in a shabby prairie-schooner, and the motive power was a brace of the laziest mules in Pennsylvania.

Clark returned to his native city the other day with a title hitched in front of his name, and rode to town in his own private railroad car. Fortune had done a good deal of smiling on this man in the interim, but the whole world knows his story.

The emigrant youth who became Copper King had in him the saving grace of humor, and, though he is to-day encumbered with $50,000,000, he can still smack his lips over an honest piece of fun. He looks taciturn, but that is only the veil which hides a sunny nature. This is interesting, because the average multi millionnaire is a person who takes himself very seriously. But Senator Clark is unique in other ways.

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WHEN IT WAS "ME AND BILL"

At a way-station on the road which led him to fortune, young Clark was the keeper of a small country store in Helena, Montana. Here, with the help of his wife, the future Copper King sold cheap necessaries to uncouth miners. One day there strolled into the store a handsome young stranger who bought a pick ax and a pair of blue overalls. The stranger's voice was high-pitched, his manner of walking was peculiar and awkward, his steps short and mincing, and his hands were conspicuously slender and bore no evidence of hard work.

"Staked a claim out yonder?" affably inquired Clark.

"Yes," replied the stranger; "but I don't know how it's goin' to pan ou."

"It ought to be good," said Clark, "if it's not too close to the camp."

"Oh, it's close enough," said the stranger.

"When do you expect to get it working?" inquired Clark.

"It's been working a long time," answered the newcomer.

"That's strange," said Clark. "I didn't know you were already located here. What do you call your claim?"

"Bill," replied the stranger.

"Bill?" ejaculated Clark. "That's a curious name for a mine, ain't it?"

"Oh, not so very queer," retorted the new arrival with curious asperity. "That's what every one calls him."

"Calls *him*?" echoed Clark with a dazed look.

"Yes, my claim is Bill Anderson, the boss of the Bonanza lead, and these overalls and the ax are for him. Me and Bill were married over in Butte City yesterday. Yes, I wear men's togs just to keep the boys from commentin' about me," added the disguised bride, as she watched Clark scanning her from head to foot.

"That is the only time I ever mistook one of the gentler sex for a man," adds Senator Clark with a twinkle, as he tells the story to-day; "but she was a marvel.

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BUYING A FORTUNE UNDER PROTEST

After Clark had bought his first mine at Butte he worked it for a short time, until he found that it contained neither gold nor silver. The ore was refractory, and no one knew what should be done with it. He had been deceived, and he had allowed his claim to lie idle for many months. Clark thought the mine had been grossly misrepresented, and he thirsted for revenge upon the men who sold it to him and who fled the country immediately afterward. One day an old miner came into Clark's store, and after the usual greetings said:

Say, pardner, they tell me you own that hole in the ground over there that they call Clark's Colossa?

"Well, I guess I do," replied Clark.

"I was over there this morning; found everything shet down and nobody round. Just out o' curiosity I dropped down in the hole and took a look about. That's a great mine you've got, pardner. Why ain't you workin' it?"

"Say, look here, stranger," said Clark. "I know the boys have put you up to joking me. It's on me. I'll treat. I was played for a tenderfoot—paid a big price for the mine, I'll admit. Then the fellows skipped the camp, and now there's not an ounce of gold or silver in the darned old thing."

"Gold or silver?" exclaimed the old miner, jumping down from his seat on the store counter. "Shootin' Jehosephat, man! That's a copper mine! There hain't no gold nor silver there, but there's fifteen per cent. of copper, and it's worth a fortune!"

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THE MILLIONS BEGIN TO GROW

Out of his first mine, a piece of ground one hundred and seventy five feet long and ninety five feet wide, Clark, in the next two years, took 30,000,000 pounds of copper, and with the profit it yielded laid the foundation of his present enormous wealth. The mine is running to-day, and is one of the most productive and best-operated copper mines in the world. This story accounts for and explains the common expression in the West, "Clark's luck."

To whatever extent the Copper King has been aided by good fortune, he has never depended upon his proverbial luck for the attainment of riches. He works as hard and as untiringly as any miner in his employ. He is at his desk at seven o'clock every morning, and, with the exception of a brief interval for luncheon at midday, he remains there until seven o'clock at night.

SENATOR WILLIAM A CLARK

Not so long ago a prominent Washington speculator journeyed out to Montana to consummate a big business deal. Everything depended upon Clark's acquiescence to the proposed plans of the deal.

In his office sat a man in a miner's shirt and blue jeans. Of course the man was the Copper King, and he was working as men work who have much to do for little money. The millionaire was pleasant enough in his greeting, but it was plain to the visitor that the great mine owner had no time to devote to general conversation. The Washingtonian retired after being invited by Clark to return in an hour for luncheon.

The meal consisted chiefly of baked beans, coffee and pie, and was hurriedly dispatched. Again there was no time to talk, but the man from the nation's capital managed to make Clark consent to meet him the following morning.

"What time will you come round?" asked the Copper King.

"Any time that will suit you," responded the visitor.

"Seven o'clock, then," replied Clark. "I'm rather an early riser. It's a habit I've got into. I don't ask my employees to get round any earlier than I do myself. I'm always at work at seven, and can't see folks after that hour."

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REFUSING A HALF-MILLION

The Eastern man arose two hours earlier than his accustomed time for breakfasting. He had ten minutes in which to dress and reach the millionaire miner's office. It was quarter past seven when he arrived.

Sorry," said the latter, when he saw his visitor, "but I can't spare the time to talk with you now. Better try again to-morrow."

"But," argued the capitalist, "the thing I have in hand will put half a million dollars in your pocket."

"Can't help that," said Clark sweetly. "I've got to look over my engineers' reports, and you know you didn't come when you said you would."

One of Senator Clark's hobbies is the collecting of pictures. His gallery of paintings by famous masters is valued at $200,000. His first picture was an etching of Fortuny's masterpiece, Choosing a Model. He bought the print in a Chicago art store. "I would like to have the original of that picture," he remarked to the dealer from whom he bought the etching. "That's impossible," replied the connoisseur; "the original is in a big private collection in New York, and its owner wouldn't part with it for love or money."

"Just the same, I'll get it some day," rejoined the Copper King. And he did. It is now the gem of his collection, and it cost him $42,000 at public auction sale, where he bid against George Gould.

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FROM A BRICK HOUSE TO A MANSION

For a long time Copper King Clark enjoyed the distinction of being the only man in Butte City who lived in a brick house, and burned hard coal in his parlor grate at the rate of $25 a ton. Miners in out-of-the-way camps who knew of Mr. Clark's great fortune could not be induced to believe that he lived in a house made of real bricks, and the story that he burned coal would not be accepted by these men on any terms. Whole delegations of miner-men would arrive in Butte at all kinds of unseemly hours of the day and night, and stare transfixed at the wonderful Clark mansion. Bets were won and lost in these early days by men who believed it impossible for any one to have the wealth and enterprise necessary to put up a brick structure in the wilderness.

How these same men, now grown accustomed to houses of brick and fires of coal, would marvel could they see the plans and specifications of Senator Clark's proposed mansion at the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy second Street, New York. The land alone cost the Copper King $220,000, and the structure will have cost about $3,000,000 when completed.

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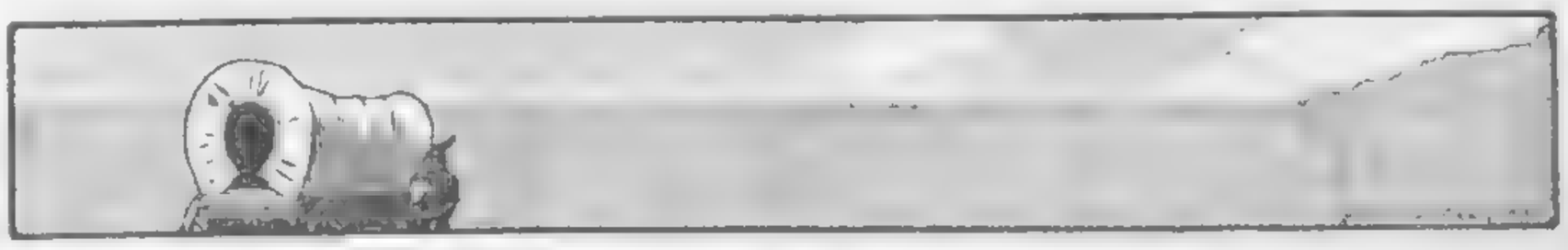
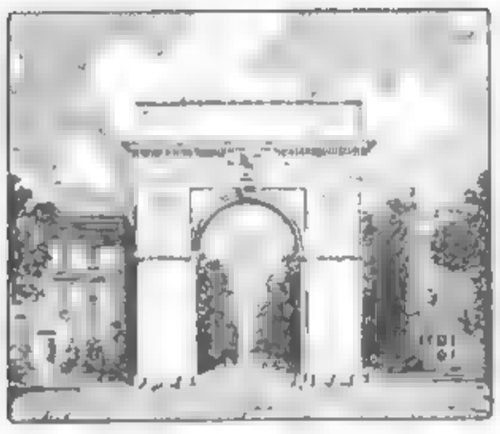
HIS RESEMBLANCE TO DICKENS

Senator Clark is an interesting figure. He strongly resembles Charles Dickens. Back from a high, broad forehead falls a thick mass of dark brown hair plentifully streaked with gray. A heavy mustache and beard conceal a strong, determined mouth and a firm chin. His face is like no other man's in its expression. All the force of his character is written there.

He was intended for a lawyer, and he is "only a miner," as he says himself—the wealthiest miner in the world. He is interested in coffee, sugar beet and tobacco plantations; he owns his own wire works, and raises his own cattle. He is a mail contractor and a banker. At sixty he looks fifty, and he knows no malady. His worship is work, his recreation an old violin, and his greatest ambition is to live in New York and make new friends who neither envy him his wealth nor jeer at his homely tastes. He is through and through a product of the soil, and a fine example of what a man may accomplish in this country with only a pair of willing hands and a determination to transmute untoward circumstances into golden opportunities.





The RETURN OF ROSE-MARIE

By Vance Thompson

Chapter I

ALMOST at the end of South Fifth Avenue, and just where the Elevated Road turns westward to shun Washington Square, there stands a fine old brick house. It was built, I dare say, in the days when upper Broadway was a country road and the Vauxhall Gardens were the resort of the gentry on nights when there were fireworks and the band played.

In its time it was a mansion, showing a broad bluff front—not straight across, but bulging roundly, like an alderman's waistcoat. The doorway was narrow, but on either side of it stood fine fluted columns, with gimcrack wreathes atop, and over the high, narrow windows there was a great deal of marvelously intricate stone scrolling, out of which grinned impossible, impudent cherubs.

All this you may see to-day in spite of the dissipated years which have had their will with the old house. On either side great tenement houses, bold and gaudily mean, shoulder and crowd; time has pockmarked the bluff house-front; over the windows flap great yellowing shutters, and there is dust in the eyes of the impossible cherubs; the narrow doorway is foul with tenement flotsam, and on the fluted pillar flutters a shabby scrap of paper: "*Appartements à louer.*"

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Maturin's café is in the basement. It makes no difference what time of day one passes, if he glances down at the little white-curtained window he shall see Madame Maturin, sitting at the cashier's desk. A plump and jolly little person, Madame Maturin, with a pleasant face and bands of white hair brushed back under a mob-cap. She is always knitting. Year in and year out she has sat there knitting interminable red stockings, watching old Maturin bustle about from table to table.

Maturin is a short little man, red faced and f— bald, too, save for a few tufts of white — that sprout haphazard from his pink scalp. His waxed mustaches are enormous. They give him the swashbuckler air. And yet in all the kind French world of New York there is no kinder old man than Maturin, many a poor exile knows that, and many a struggling young artist.

It is a bright and cheery place—Maturin's; the dinner is the best to be had in New York for forty cents; the wine is good—it is that mild claret that comes from California, and reminds one of bashful vinegar, the chartreuse is excellent, monkish and yellow, bearing the pious legend of the good Carthusians of Grenoble; and Maturin has cigarettes made of the vilest and blackest French tobacco. (*Ouf!* In the blue clouds from your cigarette troop all the phantoms of long ago, when you went up and down the streets of Paris town; when the world wagged merrily in the Quartier Latin and youth was splendid and foolish.)

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Maturin had many customers; some of them were artists who came from the fashionable lands above Washington Square; some were little tradesmen—dealers in artificial flowers, dye-cutters, feather curlers—who went to table in their shirt sleeves. The general opinion was that Maturin must have made a great deal of money—"mee! you," Julot, the old waiter, would say. Always at midnight Père Maturin toddled over to the tall, narrow desk where Madame Maturin sat, and counted up the money—breathing very hard and puffing out his cheeks. And Julot, outside, putting up the shutters, would look in and wag his head knowingly, as one who should say: "Eh, but he's getting rich, that good old rogue, the patron!"

But when old Maturin and his pleasant old wife retired to the little parlor back of the shop it was not of their fortune they talked. They talked—but how should Julot know this?—of Rose Marie.

"She has been gone ten years," Madame Maturin would say, with a gentle sigh, "this dear Rose-Marie! And now in a few weeks she will be home again—my little Rose-Marie!"

"It's all nonsense," Maturin would growl, but for all his gruffness there was a smile somewhere in the jungle of his mustache; "she should have stayed at home with her ——."

"No, no!" Madame Maturin would exclaim. "You would have her like those children here—that play in the streets—our Rose-Marie!"

"But it's very expensive!"

"Expensive! What is that? What do we want with money except for Rose-Marie?"

And Maturin would find no answer ready.

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It was ten years ago that Madame Maturin glancing through the window, saw a long-legged little girl, with tumbled hair and a dirty pinafore, quarreling with some ragged little urchins in the gutter. It came upon her with the suddenness of a new fact that this wild little thing was her own Rose Marie. Of course she knew that Rose-Marie played in the street, as the neighbors' children did, but she had never realized before just what it meant. She remembered her own childhood—far away in Chaumont, in the little, sunny home; her youth in the shady old convent; and as she thought of Rose-Marie's childhood, passed between the café and the streets, she shuddered as though she had been guilty of a great crime.

And that night she and Maturin sat together in the little back parlor and talked a long, long time. They had nothing to live for but each other and Rose-Marie. They had hoped some day to be rich enough to go back to France; but that would not be for a long time; and in the meantime—what of Rose-Marie? There was only one thing to be done. They must send Rose-Marie away to school. Madame Maturin had spent a few years in a convent of Ursuline nuns near Paris. She wrote to Madame Saint-Angèle, the Mother Superior, and in a little while the answer came: Madame Saint Angèle would receive Rose-Marie. And so a wonderful wardrobe was purchased for the little girl, and she was placed in charge of the stewardess of a French steamer and sailed away to the other world. She was not quite seven years old—a strange, big-eyed child, dreamy and fanciful; in her loneliness she had created a fairyland for herself, wherein she wandered at will. And when she was gone the father and mother went back to the little restaurant and comforted each other, and worked harder than ever—was it not for Rose Marie?

At first the bills that came from the convent were not very large; but year by year they grew larger—there were "extras" for music, for dancing, for drawing, for painting, for singing, for stationery (Maturin did not grudge that, for he had an idea that it meant the prim, precise little letters that came once a month from Rose Marie), for "use of the globes," and many other items that were dark as Hebrew to the good man; and when the bills for the costume for graduation-day came in, and the other bills for dresses "for the world," even Madame Maturin shook her head in dismay.

All the money they had been able to save in years went to meet these bills. It was hard, indeed. They had not understood how great the sacrifice was to be. Even Madame Maturin's little private hoard—the sum of how many sacrifices!—had been sent over to pay Rose Marie's passage money.

But now it was all over. Rose-Marie had left the convent. She was spending a few weeks with a schoolmate, and then——

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"We must have new furniture for the parlor," said Madame Maturin. "This is so shabby, and she'll have been used to such beautiful things."

"I dare say they've made a fine lady of her," growled Maturin, but it was a growl of paternal pride, "but where's the money to come from, eh? If the business don't pick up I shall have to let Julot go—"

"Money? As if a good man like you had no credit?" Madame Maturin said. "And when Rose-Marie comes we shall soon be rich. She shall sit at the desk and take the money, and I will help in the kitchen—you shall see, you old Maturin!"

And so the new furniture was bought—and a new carpet, new curtains and certain pictures marvelously new, for Rose-Marie was coming home.

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Chapter II

TO THE little girl who sailed away in summer weather, the drowsy sea, with its shifting patterns of white and blue, seemed to have more than its due measure of mystery. Day after day she watched it, and at night when the lights came out, until she felt that something within her rhymed to the blue sea. It was very wonderful. She was not at all sad, Rose Marie. The first few nights she cried a little when she thought of the little mother and the good father; and she would curl herself up in her cothilike little bunk, and clench her little hands, and pity herself and weep; but she was not at all frightened. When morning came and she could run about the deck, wrapped in her stout ulster, she felt almost happy. She was soon on terms of confidential intimacy with the great steamship. It was the most marvelous animal!

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A vague belief in the souls of inanimate things never quite dies out in little girls who have played with dolls. Rose Marie's dolls had been very real indeed, they had taken long, adventurous journeys into fairyland with her; often when her father and mother were busy in the café, and she was quite alone in her dark little bedroom, there was a hideous old arm-chair—she could just see it dimly in the corner—that threatened to pounce upon the bed and carry her away; ah! then, how nobly her little hammer-headed doll came to the rescue and defied the old chair and sang her to sleep; she quite believed in the life of this kindly old monster, the steamer—could she not hear his heart beating, beating day and night, as he bore her away?

She did not make any friends on shipboard.

"What an odd little girl," people said, and went their way.

Rose-Marie was quite content; curled up on one of the benches outside the deck-cabin, she would lie for hours watching the visionary sea, her little mind intoxicated with the infinite wisdom that only children and the dying know. That week at sea was the most wonderful in her life. Years afterward she had but to close her eyes and she could see the blue shimmering folds of the summer ocean and hear again the rhythmic monotone of the shouldering waves.

And then the convent——

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A very large old house, with trees; then walls. That was her first impression; and blended with it was a faint picture of the gentle lay sister who took off her jacket and hat and kissed her, and of Madame Saint Angèle, stately and sombre, in her black and white robes of the Order. Then she put on her convent uniform and slipped into the sweet democracy of convent life.

Nowhere in the unequal world is there a truer democracy than in the convent. The daughter of the Marquis, the daughter of the great statesman, whose fame is like a torch in the world, are one with the little charity pupil, who never knew father or mother. They have the same care, the same love, the same discipline. But, as in every democracy, there were ranks and grades. Somehow or other the little girls who had been taught to think and speak alike, in pleasant far-away homes, made friends of each other.

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It was a long time before Rose-Marie made many friends. At play time she would stroll by herself under the old trees, dreaming—sometimes of the sea, sometimes of her home. How bright it seemed compared to the dusky convent—that gorgeous white-and-gold room, where scores of gas jets flared, the "café-restaurant" of old Maturin! She remembered the fluted pillars and the high windows, in her childish memory the old house, far away in old New York, loomed up monstrous, palatial, unique.

It was when she was nine years old that she found her first friend—Adèle de Lamprade, the daughter of a Marquis. Adèle [illegible] went away for a visit to her home in Paris. When she returned she would tell Rose-Marie of the splendors of the great house in the Avenue Kléber, and the horses and servants. And Rose-Marie would tell her of the huge palace in New York, with the fluted pillars, and the white and gold room, with the lights, and the great kitchen where the three cooks toiled, and the square, with the marble arch, where she used to play.

"Quite like the Arc de Triomphe," Adèle would say.

And thus in their wisdom the two little girls added new dignity to Washington Square.

Of Rose Marie Madame Saint Angèle knew only that she was a daughter of an old pupil of the convent; had she thought much of Rose-Marie's parents she would probably have set them down as *des gens honnêtes*, but all bills were promptly paid, and she gave them little thought. It was Rose Marie who made her own position. She was a born aristocrat; it was not only that she carried herself like a Princess—she had an instinct for elegance. A boy is the son of his father, but every girl is the daughter of Eve. Born of simple people in a dingy tenement quarter of New York, Rose Marie was as instinctively an aristocrat as Mlle. de Lamprade, the flower of twenty generations of nobility. And this fact—the miracle of womanhood—no mere man can explain or even understand.

Around Rose-Marie there grew up a wonderful legend, of which she was at once the heroine and the victim. She belonged to the strange, romantic aristocracy of America, she had dwelt in a palace with fluted pillars, and somewhere in the dim edges of the legend were thousands of fierce red Indians, and (some of her imaginative schoolmates believed) tame elephants in gold and purple harness.

Of this legend Rose Marie believed just so much as she knew to be true—that there was no palace like her home, no one so rich and mighty as her papa, no lady so gracious as her mother. As the years went by Adèle almost came to envy her, certainly she was very proud that she, the daughter of a mere Marquis, should have so splendid a friend. And when the long ten-years' course of study was over she carried away Rose Marie to the big house in the Avenue Kléber.

Two weeks they spent in drinking deep of their new liberty—and how strange it seemed—and fluttering through the shops and parks, the theatres and Louvre, all the places of which they had read and chattered and dreamed. Thursday night was the great ball, and Saturday Rose-Marie was to sail for America and home. There were hundreds of guests in the huge ballroom and the long suite of rooms that led away to the winter garden of stained glass; there were beautiful women, but none more beautiful than Rose-Marie, this slight, tall girl whose eyes were like the sea. She seemed to belong rightly to a *pavane*, or some silver, gracious pageant of the stately long ago.

The old Duke with the fluffy white hair and the broad red ribbon of a Commander of the Legion of Honor slanting across his breast—the Great Duke of Fashion himself—led her out to dance. The American Minister was presented to his beautiful countrywoman. In fact, there was a perceptible tendency in the ball to become an act of homage to Rose Marie. It was fairyland—all the fairylands of all her girlish dreams—come true. She

—went to table in their shirt sleeves

It is a bright and cheery place—Maturin's

passed through it with the dazed happiness of one who walks among the stars.

It was in the music-room—there among the ivory carvings and armor and pictures—that the Marquise de Lamprade presented some one to her; she did not hear the name, only something about "a countrywoman of yours." She glanced up into the frank and rugged face of a stalwart young man, who seemed to be talking with great amiability.

"But I cannot understand a word of English," Rose-Marie protested, "it's so long since I have been home."

"And you are an American!" He made a droll gesture of despair; then he added, "I'm quite sure you do not know my name; it's John Eritage."

And then somehow or other they found themselves talking quite pleasantly and familiarly, and John Eritage told her that he was from New York, but that he had lived for years in Paris.

"I'm a sculptor, you know," he said.

Rose-Marie said, "Indeed," and very kindly, though she was not at all sure that it was quite proper for a young lady in her position to be talking to a sculptor. She glanced across the room and there was the old Duke—fluffier than ever and smiling like a little ivory god. And she and John Eritage drifted apart and were lost to each other in the flashing waves of light and music.

In ten years she had created for herself a universe—more, she had re-created herself.

• • •

Chapter III

IT WAS the second morning out from Havre when Rose-Marie, pacing the deck in lonely dignity, noticed for the first time one of her fellow-passengers—a stalwart young man in tweeds. There was something familiar about his frank face, but it was not until he came up to her smiling that she remembered.

He was the young American sculptor she had met at Madame de Lamprade's.

"I feared you had forgotten me," he said.

"No," she replied; "I remember you now—Mr. Eritage."

They fell into step and walked to and fro, talking of the ball. Little by little John Eritage drifted into an easy mood of confidence. He was a perfectly frank young man with a brusque and delightful fund of sincerity. He had none of the airs of the artist of fiction, and was, indeed, as forthright and unpretentious a young man as any honest fellow who ever drove a plough.

"You mustn't get a wrong idea of me," he said, "merely because I was at that ball. I don't belong in that world at all; I thought I ought to tell you."

•

Rose-Marie hardly knew what to say. At last she said: "I am so sorry."

John Eritage laughed lightly.

"I'm sure I do not see why you should be," he replied; "my own world is quite as pleasant—far pleasanter, believe me. You see, I haven't time for that sort of thing. I had done some work for Monsieur de Lamprade——"

"The Marquis de Lamprade?"

"Even the Marquis. And so I knew him, and he gave me a card for the ball. I am very glad I went." He looked down into Rose-Marie's face, and his eyes said far more than his words. And then he told her of his youth and his struggles.

"I think I always had it in me to be a sculptor," he explained laughingly; "even the mud pies of my infancy were considered artistic. But we were very poor. My dear old father was a Methodist minister out in the West, and every three years we used to move on to a new village."

"How sad," said Rose-Marie, "not to have any real home! Do you know, that makes such a difference, it seems to me. It is so sweet to have always with you, wherever you go, a mental picture of home, of the old house where you were born and where the dear father and mother live; and I think it makes one better and stronger to remember that the old home is there, waiting for one to come back to it."

•

"You have such a home, I am sure."

"Yes," said Rose-Marie. "I was a very little girl when I was sent away to the convent, but I remember it—oh, so well. The old, huge house, the fluted pillars at the door, and, best of all, one room—the white-and-gold room, I call it; it was very bright, and mamma used to sit there."

"Your home is in New York?"

"Yes. I remember Washington Square—the house is near there—and that is about all, except the old house."

Other days, too, they walked the deck. Rose-Marie found a wonderful pleasure in talking of the home to which she was going.

If she thought of Julot it was as the family butler; the old house rose with all the stateliness of the mansion in the Avenue Kléber; her memory of her father translated him into a soldierly gentleman, and all these day-dreams the poor child confessed brightly to John Eritage. He drew back a little; he felt he had no right to win her friendship thus; and he told her again and again how far he was from her world of fashion. Rose-Marie liked him the better for his honesty—but she pitied him.

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"Do you know," he said once, "I worked as a stone mason—until I was nineteen. Then I saved a few hundred dollars and I went to New York to study sculpture—ah, those days! Why, do you know, I, too, lived near Washington Square," he went on laughingly, "but it was on the wrong side. You can't understand what it is to want a dinner. I can. There was a little French restaurant there that I used to patronize when I was in funds, and many a time I have walked past it when I hadn't forty cents, and gone on to the Square to dine on dreams and the evening air. Ah, well! Finally, I made a little money and went to Paris. There it was the same thing—loneliness and work, and all that—but now after ten years I have come back—may I say successful?"

He told her of his success—not of the mere fact that he had received a commission for the fountains in front of the Congressional Library—but of the glorious pleasure there is in succeeding in doing what one has set out to do—the joy of the artist in work accomplished. And Rose-Marie understood.

The last night at sea——

That night thoughts of him—a memory of his strong, frank face—haunted her dreams; she woke often and tossed sleeplessly for hours; yet in the morning she rose with a new and marvelous sense of animation.

They parted on the dock.

In the crowd of passengers, friends who had come to meet them, custom-house officers, expressmen and cabmen, Rose-Marie looked in vain for her parents. At the little office on the dock she inquired for their carriage. No one could give her any information. She did not know what to do with her luggage. In her confusion she could think of only one thing to do. She called a carriage and bade the coachman drive to her father's house.

She had not seen the fat old man in the rusty coat, the eager-eyed old woman, who, confused as she, were searching anxiously through the crowd to find their daughter—their little Rose-Marie. And they, had they seen her, would not have known her. They were looking for Rose-Marie—the long-legged little girl in the blue ulster who had sailed away ten years before; of course she would be taller and older, but they never dreamed that she would not be the same little girl. At last, when most of the passengers had gone away, and Père Maturin had learned that Rose-Marie had really come on the Gascogne, they decided that she must have gone home at once. They took the elevated road and hurried back to the little restaurant.

"She has not come?" Madame Maturin exclaimed breathlessly. "Not come yet, Julot?"

The old waiter shook his head gloomily.

"Not yet, Patronne."

He wore a flower in his coat, and there were flowers on the cashier's desk, flowers in the windows, flowers on the tables—the little restaurant had quite a festival air.

"What can have happened! Dear Heaven, what can have happened!" Madame Maturin cried with shrill excitement; "and you, you old Maturin, stand there like the stick—my Rose-Marie!"

At that moment an old hack rumbled up to the door and the driver got down.

From the carriage there stepped a tall girl with a colorless face and frightened eyes. She walked slowly across the sidewalk—stared at by grinning urchins—to the steps that led down to the café in the basement.

She saw the sign: "Maturin, café-restaurant"; she glanced up and saw the old house front—the fluted pillars, the dusty cherubs, smiling down at her with impudent, awful raillery; even yet she could not understand, and as one walks in a dreary dream she went down the basement steps.

Maturin opened the door with his suave old bow; he did not know her; but Rose-Marie knew.

"Father," she said; but her voice seemed strange to her, as though she had never heard it before; then she heard a shout of joy, and cries of "Rose-Marie!" and some one said: "Keep back, Julot; let the mother get to her—there, there, little Rose-Marie!"

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And all the while she was as one dead, who looks down upon the joys and sorrows of those who live. Then she felt her mother's arms around her—yes, this was her mother—but she could not speak. Her heart was ice, and in her brain was only wonder—wonder that life had suddenly ceased to be real, and had turned into this. While Père Maturin went out to pay the cabman, the mother led her through the restaurant and up the short pair of stairs into the little back parlor. There were flowers there, too—blazing red geraniums.

"Sit here on the sofa with me, little one; with mother here, little one. Ah! it is good to have you, my blessed little one," and Madame Maturin drew her down on the sofa and fondled the little gloved hands, and kissed the white and frightened face, and wept and smiled in the fullness of joy. And Rose-Marie could not speak; she was so cold.

"You are tired, my little one; you are ill, my little one," the mother asked; "you have not forgotten the little mother—my Rose-Marie?" And Rose-Marie shuddered; and then the great sobs took her and she threw her arms around her mother's neck and hid her face on the bosom where she had wept away all her troubles in the old days.

•

Père Maturin came and kissed his little girl and growled affectionately about the cabman's overcharge.

"Bah, you old Maturin," the mother exclaimed; "why didn't you give him twice as much?—he brought us Rose-Marie."

And when Rose-Marie had dried her eyes they tried to get acquainted.

The little parlor was spick and span; the smart furniture was tremendously new and red; the carpet screamed in a redder key; the colored prints on the walls were wonderfully made. And yet there was a chill in the air that none of them could banish.

If you are a woman, you will know, better than any man may know, what that first night at home meant to Rose-Marie. Her poor, foolish little dream—so splendid it had seemed once!—had fallen down like a house of cards. Fairyland had vanished forever. Men have lost name and fame in the world; lost love and crown, lost all, and that is tragedy; but bitterer still is the tragedy of one who loses the Dream, and knows not how nor why.

That night Rose-Marie tried to find herself. She thought of John Eritage—she saw his brave face there in the darkness—but, no; she must not think of him now. She must find a way to take up her life and be what her mother and father wanted her to be. And when she had made this resolution she felt stronger and better; but her mind went back to the convent, to Mlle. de Lamprade, to the Dream; and she hid her face in the pillow and wept softly. Life is pitiless to those who love the Dream.

•

In the morning she went out to take the air. She felt the need of being alone in the broad day, among the realities of life. Unconsciously she walked toward Washington Square. She looked up at the memorial arch—it seemed at once an old friend and a mockery of Paris. And as she stood there John Eritage came up to her.

"Mlle. de Maturin," he said gayly, "ah, but this is fortunate! Like you, I have come out to renew old associations. How brave it looks, the old arch! Isn't it good to be home? I lived down yonder," he pointed toward South Fifth Avenue, "in the jolly old starving days, when I was a student here."

Rose-Marie had shaken hands with him; now she said: "Yes, it is good for every one to be at home. Will you come with me? I must introduce you to my father and mother."

"Perhaps some other time," he said; "is it not too early?"

"Oh, come," the girl cried passionately; "I cannot wait."

"Forgive me; I will go, of course," he said quietly; he saw that she was suffering and felt for her a tenderness without limit; in love's wisdom he did not question her. They crossed the square and went down South Fifth Avenue. As they neared the restaurant his eye caught the sign, Maturin, and a sudden comprehension shone in his eyes. He laid his hand gently on the girl's arm and there was a world of tenderness in his voice.

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"This is your home, Rose-Marie?"

"Yes," she said, and lifted her tragic face to his; the eyes that met hers were frank and unembarrassed.

"Of course," he said, "there are the fluted pillars—why, how stupid I have been! Come!"

He almost ran down the basement steps to the café. Madame Maturin sat behind the cashier's desk; for once she was not knitting; there was a look of puzzled bewilderment on her kind old face. John Eritage swept her a bow—quite in his old boyish fashion.

"*Tiens*," she said wonderingly; "it is—it is—ah! the artist! It is Monsieur Eritage, eh? Maturin, here is the old friend!"

And then they were shaking hands, and old Maturin toddled up with a gruff welcome—for they were good friends in the long ago.

"And to think that this," said John Eritage, "is the long-legged little girl who used to ruin a pinafore a day! And I never knew."

"Yes, it's Rose-Marie," said Madame Maturin; and somehow or other the stately, elegant young woman had taken on a strange resemblance to the little girl of the pinafore; the Dream was very far away just then.

"Julot," Maturin growled, "set Monsieur Eritage's old table—there by the window."

"And lay the table for four, Julot," said John Eritage, and no one said him nay.

• • •

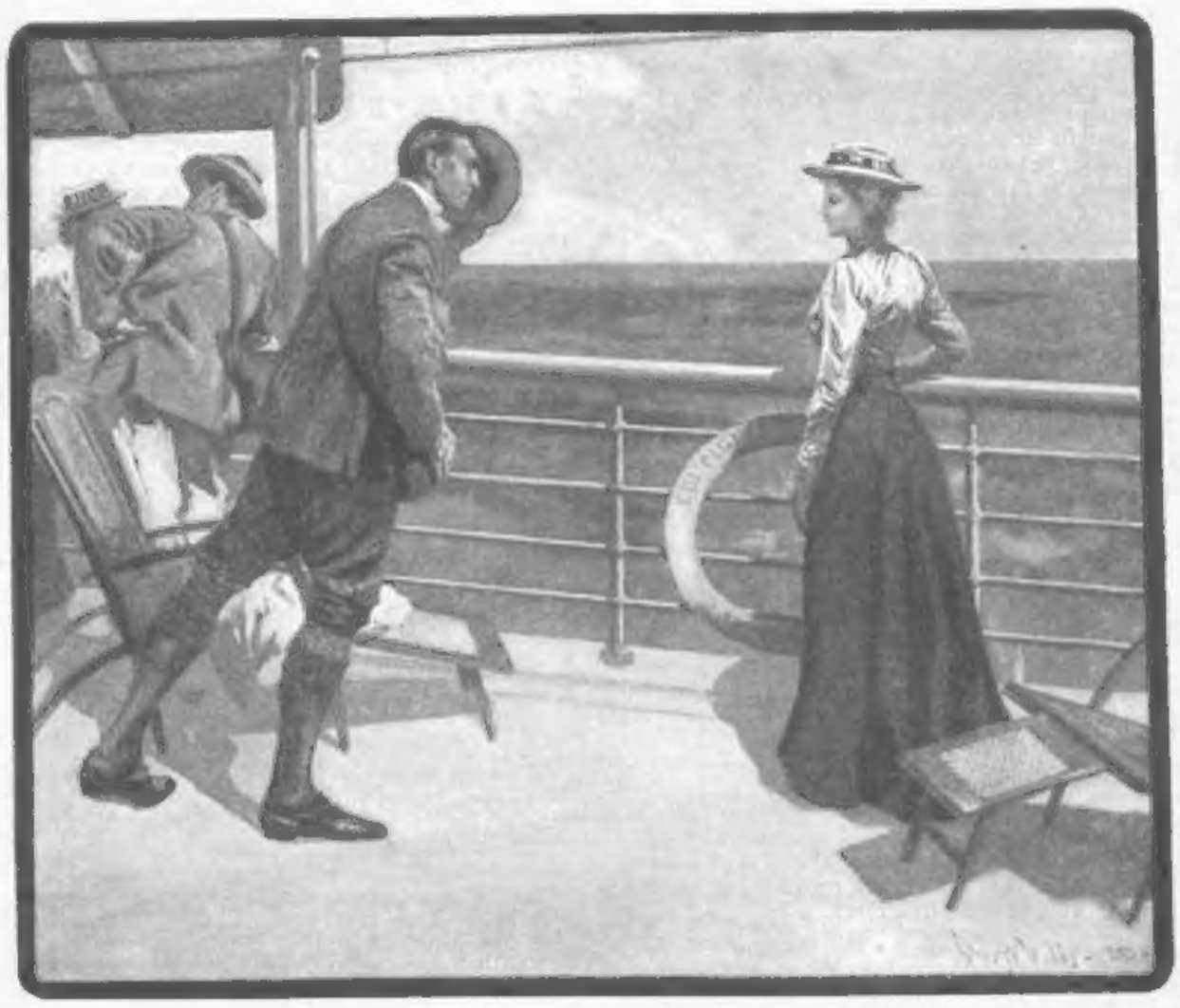
Chapter IV

AND when Rose-Marie and John Eritage were married and sailed away to Paris, both Maturin and his good old wife were really happier—happy as they had been when Rose-Marie was in the convent and the letters came once a month. The letters come oftener now, and the Maturins look forward to selling the café some day and settling down in Paris, not in Madame Eritage's big house near the Bois, but in a little house of their own—a little house with a garden, somewhere near the river. And as looking forward is the best of life, they are happy, as of old, when they looked forward to Rose-Marie's return. They can never quite understand, however, how the little duckling turned out to be a swan. But John Eritage understands.

"I, too, have known the Dream, little wife," he told her; "but my dream came true."

"Tell me what it was."

"My dream? It was that you should love me, Rose-Marie."



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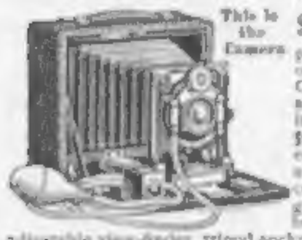

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THE MORAL VALUE of MUSCLE

By Dr. George F. Poole
Physical Director New York Y.M.C.A.

THE line of demarcation between physical health and morality is so faintly traced in the perfectly balanced man that its very existence may be questioned. That the healthful man is the more moral there can be no doubt; though the term healthful should not be applied to those who are merely strong.

A young man may possess the muscular development of Hercules and be unhealthful in the broad sense of the word. One may be strong and vicious, but never entirely healthful and vicious. I have seen young men who could throw a horse, but they were wholly without the real kind of physical and mental strength which make the human organization complete and perfect. The moral nature is inseparably wedded to the physical nature, and they are counteracting; what affects the one for good or evil affects both.

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EXERCISE NOT ALWAYS MORAL

Exercise, while being the most valuable aid to both health and morality, is not by any means always moral in its effect. Exercise which does not demand a certain self-control, which is free, unsystematic and unrestrained, tends to lead one into moral carelessness and disregard for the rights of others. This is a fact that has deeply impressed itself upon me in the course of my observations of young men given to unrestrained indulgence in athletics. The sin of moral carelessness applies with particular force to athletes as distinguished from gymnasts. I think my point will be clear to any one who knows the habits and tendencies of pugilists, sprinters, bicyclists, football and basket-ball players. An athlete is too often a man who will sacrifice conscience and honor to win in a contest, while among gymnasts there exists usually the utmost good-fellowship in the strife for supremacy.

The desire to win prizes seems to drive out of men that finer and healthier restraint and the sense of helpfulness which should certainly be an accompaniment of all methods of physical training. Athletics develops the selfish side of man; gymnasium work, rightly conducted, brings to the surface the moral as well as the physical good in a man. When the physical is developed at the expense of the moral nature in a young man his mission in life is only half completed; he is an imperfect machine, working only on one side, like a sidewheel steamer with only one paddle in operation. Like such a boat, he will never make much progress, but spend his life traveling in a circle.

DR. GEORGE F. POOLE

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GOOD SPORT HELPS MIND AND BODY

The great good of all sports and exercises is to utilize them to help round out one's nature. Every young man should strive to be evenly balanced. Lopsidedness in anything is bad, especially so in the matter of health and morals. The man with body and brain developed to an equal degree of strength and service has a far better control of his moral nature than he who has given his attention to purely physical or purely mental development. Such sports as tennis, golf and wheeling, stirring the blood as they do without exciting the passion for gain or conquest, undoubtedly uplift one mentally, quicken the pulse of conscience and purify the soul. Healthful pastimes lead to healthful thinking, and this leads to a strengthening of one's moral fibre. Sound sports and pastimes are no less a tonic for the soul than for the body.

Immorality is a disease, a physical affliction which misgoverns one's thoughts and actions. The lack of morals in a man is due simply to the congestion of blood in certain centres of the human machine, and this congestive state excites the untrained man or woman to do those things which he or she should not do. That condition of mind and body which leads to the state known as "the blues" is a fair illustration of this. Drive the cobwebs from the brain with judicious exercise, and thus clarify the thought and the moral stamina of a man suffering from "the blues," and you will see a changed character. Rosy cheeks and clear eyes are inseparable companions of clean thoughts and clear consciences.

•

FIGHTING EVIL WITH ATHLETICS

There is no more commendable adjunct to the church than a gymnasium. Many ministers have recognized this fact, and a well-equipped arsenal of athletic apparatus to enable young men to fight evil is not so much of a surprise nowadays as half a decade ago. There are thousands of young men with disordered bodies who are trying to live clean lives, but whose salvation lies chiefly in the proper nourishment and development of their bodies. Scores of young men are having an uphill fight for the right kind of existence, and they would assuredly fall by the wayside but for their physical training, which strengthens not alone their muscular but their will power. In my use of the phrase "physical training" I mean any scientific system which places young men in the very best physical condition, that will give them command of their bodies.

Among the causes which contribute to the physical and moral weakness of men are smoking and drinking. The effect of these habits is especially noticeable and destructive in the case of minors. No youth under twenty-one years of age can afford to indulge in either of these vices, or so-called luxuries. Professor Seaver, of Yale College, who has studied this subject to the ground, has shown that the effect of narcotics and alcoholic stimulants upon the growth of young men is unmistakably marked and destructive.

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SPORTS AN AID TO MENTAL PROGRESS

The modern universities and colleges have the right idea in advancing the physical condition of the student along with his mental and moral progress. To my mind, their weakest point in physical training, intended to serve the highest purpose, is their encouragement of the competitive spirit in outdoor sports. The effects of such a system are apt to leave their marks upon the men who are graduated and enter business life. Competition, under certain conditions and applied to certain things in life, is praiseworthy enough, but competition which places a premium on unfairness, stealth of action and cheating is not to be countenanced by those who have at heart the welfare of American youth and manhood.

That muscle-building—physical training—is beneficial morally is shown even among the criminal classes. This fact is attested by Doctor Wye, of the Elmira (New York) Reformatory, who says the effect of scientific physical training upon the moral discipline of the inmates of that institution is noticeably excellent. Even the lowest types of degenerate youth have been improved morally by a course in systematic physical training.

•

THE IDEAL SPORTS FOR YOUNG MEN

For young men I would recommend almost any outdoor sport. Any kind of exercise in the open is better than the same kind of exercise indoors. Pure air, sunshine, freedom of action and exhilaration are the beneficial accompaniments of outdoor muscle-building, and mental and spiritual good.

Of course, in large cities, daily outdoor exercise is almost impossible, so the next best thing is to supplement outdoor exercise with indoor training. To my mind, the ideal sports for a young man are boating, swimming and running. Every young man should indulge in these; they are all-round developers. In the end it is the muscular youth, whose mental faculties have grown with his moral strength, before whom the future looms most encouragingly. With a sound body, a clear head and a clean heart no young man should fear what lies before him.

The desired goal has much to offer the young man who has learned that the moral value of muscle is not to be over-estimated, and that it is the strong arm of the muscular Christian that has won great battles for the right, where mere passive righteousness would have availed nothing.

• • •

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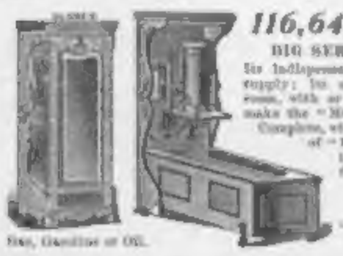

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THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By BARRY PAIN

Drawing by Elizabeth Shippen Green

IT WAS a big shop, with big, beautiful windows wherein were writing-cases of polished green morocco, letter-cases of sweet-smelling Russian leather, cigar-cases of manly and even bloodthirsty crocodile—every kind of case in every kind of material; there were miniature silver candlesticks for your writing-table, holding red wax candlecules; there were thick sticks of sealing-wax in the palest heliotrope to be used in conjunction with them; there were calendars, and lamps, and dressing-cases, and hunting-flasks, and gun-metal pencils for the pocket.

It was a really good shop, one which justified the placard which appeared in every one of the vast plate-glass windows:

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS
IN GREAT VARIETY

A beautifully dressed schoolgirl, with slim black legs and a red jacket and big, thoughtful eyes, stood and stared into the window. As she gazed her eyes became still more thoughtful. Then she heaved a little sigh and walked in.

•

Somebody said severely: "Forward, please!" and a moment later a young man with a frock coat and his fair hair parted in the middle was smiling at her as vehemently as if he had been paid for it, which, as a matter of fact, was the case. She said timidly:

"I want a birthday present."

"Certainly," said the young man with geniality. "Would it be for a gentleman or for a lady?"

"It's for a girl, fifteen years old to-day."

"You're just in time," said the young man to encourage her. "Anything which you are pleased to order shall be sent off at once; and we can inclose any card or letter which you wish to send with it."

"Thank you," said the girl prettily.

"Had you thought of any particular object?"

"No, I thought I would leave that to you."

"Well, we have a great variety. There is a very pretty manicure set in celluloid, to look like ivory; twelve pieces; a miniature of an eighteenth-century lady is let into the lid of the box. Now, that is a very charming present, and we've sold a great many of them."

"Thanks," said the schoolgirl; "they're very pretty. Have you anything else?"

"Well," said the young man, "we are just introducing quite a new thing in work-baskets."

"Yes, I should like to look at it if you would take it out of the baskets."

•

The young man smiled indulgently.

"What I meant was, that the whole idea of the work-basket was novel—in fact, we are only just putting it on the market. It is made of celluloid, shaped to look like the egg of the ostrich; it is lined with green silk, contains scissors, needle-case, hall-marked silver thimble, compartments for cottons, buttons, and so on."

"Yes," said the schoolgirl, "it looks very useful, and I'll take it if you like. I don't want to give too much trouble. But the person for whom I wanted the present never does any work."

"No trouble, no trouble, no trouble," said the young man shrilly and with enthusiasm. "Would you like me to show you something further? Here is a very interesting paper-knife made of celluloid in the shape of a serpent. The tail of the serpent lifts out and discloses a small pencil-case, as you see. Our own invention; a most useful adjunct for the writing-table. We can do this at a dollar ninety-eight. Perhaps you'd like something more expensive?"

"Well," said the girl timidly, "I feel as if I ought not to say it, but I think I should like something much more expensive."

"Quite so; certainly. Pardon me one moment."

He adjusted a ladder, ran up a fitment, and returned with a cardboard box held carefully in his hand. He whipped off the cover, ejaculated, "Stationery cabinet. Very handsome thing," and pushed it over to the girl.

"What," she said thoughtfully, "is this made of celluloid to resemble?"

"Oh, this is not celluloid," he answered very seriously, with a drop in his voice; "this is distinctly an important present. You might give it to anybody. Real tortoise-shell, guaranteed. I doubt if we have a better stationery cabinet in the whole establishment. Beautiful work; all solid. Marked twenty-seven dollars; say twenty-five."

"Twenty-five dollars," said the girl thoughtfully and obediently. The young man gazed at her with a moment's distrust, and went on:

"I couldn't show you a finer thing than this, or one which is better worth buying, and I'll tell you why. In a year's time," he said confidentially, "this will be worth thirty dollars, or even more. The fact is that tortoise-shell is becoming rarer every year. It's going up. Well, you'd hardly believe the rate at which it is going up."

"Oh," she said, "I thought it was a stationary cabinet."

The young man looked still more distrustful, but he was speedily reassured.

"Thanks, I'll take it," she said. "Many, many thanks. It is really too good of you."

"No trouble, no trouble, no trouble," repeated the young man shrilly as before. "Always delighted to show you anything. James, pack this. Would you prefer to have it sent or will you take it with you?"

•

"Thanks," said the girl, "I'll take it with me. It is really too good of you. I can't think why you should do it."

"Now," the young man continued, "would you like to have your account receipted while the article is being packed up? It was marked twenty-seven dollars, but I think we said twenty-five?"

"Yes," she replied, "we both said it."

"Or, perhaps," the young man continued a little feverishly, "you would prefer to pay for it on delivery?"

"Certainly not," she said; "it is not in any danger, and I don't want it delivered. I'll take it with me, and of course I sha'n't pay for it. It's a birthday present."

"So I understood," said the young man; "but, of course you must pay for it before you can give it away."

"I'm not going to give it away—I'm going to keep it myself. It's my birthday, and I wanted a present, and I saw your notice in the window. What do you put such things in the window for if you don't mean them? You only mislead people. Are you going to give me that real tabby stationery case made of celluloid to look like an ostrich's egg, or are you going to give me the new thing in paper-knives, or what?"

"This is a shop," said the young man with dignity. "It is not a place for playing the fool."

"Then you shouldn't have misled me with those notices, and made me waste the best part of twenty minutes in talking to you."

Seeing that a small shoal of customers had entered, she continued, raising her voice:

"And I shall warn everybody I know never to have anything to do with such a dishonest and useless establishment."

Then she walked out in search of some quiet place where she could laugh all by herself for an hour or so.

FEED CHILDREN

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THEY NEED its rich, flesh-making gluten and bone-making phosphates. As well feed children laundry starch as many white-flour starchy foods. Infant mortality is largely the result of too much starch in the food.

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The genuine bears our label and name, and is made only by the

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Harmless Wool Soap

Wool Soap is all soap—nothing but soap—no adulteration—no filling—no alkali—just clear, clean, white, safe **toilet and bath soap.**

If your dealer doesn't have it send us his name on a postal, and we will send you a cake free.

Swift and Company, Makers
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Ask for DEWEY'S Improved

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Better and cheaper than Dress Shields, being a complete garment, always ready to wear with any dress. The **only protector** that can be worn with **Shirt-Waists** without sewing in. The only perfect protection from perspiration.

The Best Shield for bicycle riders. One pair does the work of six.

No. 1, Bust Measure 28-32, $ .85 No. 3, Bust Measure 34-39, $ .90
No. 2, " " 40-45, 1.00 No. 4, " " 46-49, 1.25

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(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

is simply perfect, and "alone" does the business. Has leather flap attached, containing three studs which snap into sockets to be sewed on skirt band. No use for belt hooks, safety pins or skirt supporters. Each belt accompanied with three sets of sockets, so you can wear same belt with different skirts. Ordinary belt, 35c.; fine grain leather, 50c.; imitation morocco, 75c.; genuine morocco, $1, postpaid. Colors: black, brown, tan and white. Give waist measure in ordering. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

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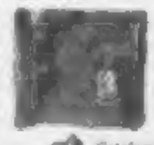

of your pencil. Carry it in the **Improved Hashberry Patent Pencil Holder.** Fastens to pocket or lapel of vest. Grips firmly, but don't tear the fabric. Eyeglass Holder, with swivel hook, equally handy. By mail, 10c. each.

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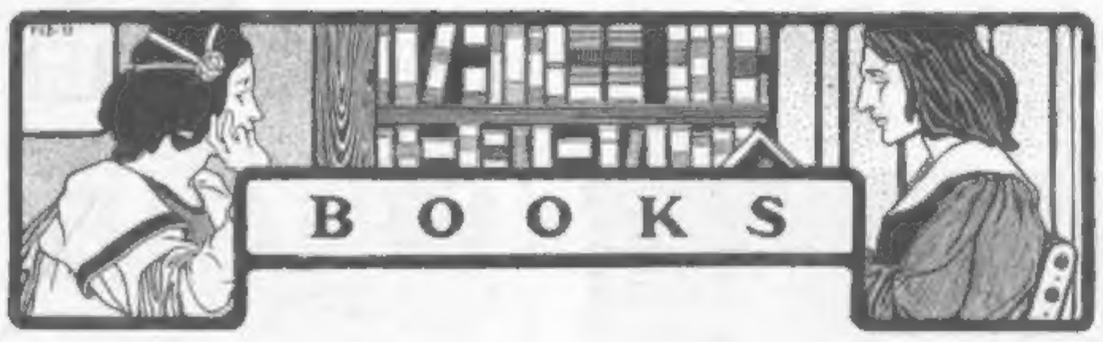

Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

We cannot well complain in these years of grace that there is no chance given us to know our men of letters; what manner of men they were, and what they said and did upon all possible occasions. On the contrary, there is a growing disposition to work up the illustrious dead into as many volumes as they can be made to fill, to withhold nothing from the public, to find no details too insignificant for narration. Thus a great mass of Carlyle's correspondence has already been printed—not altogether to our edification—but a late gleaning in the field yields us a somewhat scanty harvest in the shape of thirty-three letters to his sister, Mrs. Hanning, which have hitherto escaped publication.

Eked out by the editor's introductory essay, by sundry pages of explanation and reflection, and by a score of accompanying letters from different members of the Carlyle family, all of a strictly personal and domestic character, they fill a fair-sized book, made attractive by admirable printing and by some interestingly ugly illustrations.

If Carlyle's affection for his kith and kin had ever been a matter of doubt—which is not the case—this correspondence would prove it warm and true. He writes to "Dear Jennie" with unvarying kindness, sends her money and presents from time to time, and gives her advice enough to keep a dozen sisters in good running order, the whole duty of woman, as he expounds it, being to stay at home, to clean house, and to sew neatly and expeditiously. His counsels are more urgent than varied. They made Mrs. Hanning, let us hope, the best of housewives, but they are neither very stimulating nor very entertaining to an idle generation of readers.

One fair-sized missive is completely filled with instructions for knitting a pair of "wristikins" out of "two-ply boozy yarn," about the color and thickness of which he is exceedingly particular; and another would puzzle a college of seamstresses, so minute, elaborate and hopelessly confusing are the directions given by the great historian for the proper making of some flannel shirts.

The best letter in the book is from the keen and caustic pen of Mrs. Carlyle, though there are many others pleasant to read because homely, affectionate and sincere. Carlyle's attitude toward his mother is especially beautiful. He counsels her a good deal—he would have counseled Solomon if he had had the chance—but even his overflowing advice is dictated by filial devotion.

> "Many a time," he writes anxiously, "have I asked myself, what is becoming of my good old mother in these wild blasts? Surely you keep good fires at Scotsbrig? Surely you wear the new Hawick sloughs? Jane finds hers very warm and nice; but the thing you might improve greatly, and never do, is your diet. I think you should live chiefly on fowl. A hen is always fair food; divide her into four pieces; she makes you an excellent dinner of soup and meat for four days."

How the old Scotchwoman must have smiled—though with a mother's indulgence—when her illustrious son tendered her this useful information!

A more comprehensive and more valuable addition to biographical literature is Dr. Edward Everett Hale's portly volume on James Russell Lowell and His Friends. Self-indulgent readers who seldom find a book too short may be tempted to wish this one were a little shorter; but brevity is, after all, but a weak submission to our popular theory of haste. There is no valid reason why we should not spare the time to read about Mr. Lowell's infancy—a very remarkable infancy, if it be true that at three years of age he relinquished his afternoon nap for the pleasure of listening to the Faerie Queene. There is an even better excuse for lingering over his youth for the sake of the conditions that surround it, and of his early skirmishes across the literary frontier.

Who can fail of delight when he reads that in 1842—hardly a prehistoric date—it was deemed impossible for an American magazine to maintain its hazardous existence without the help of fashion-plates, inasmuch as the women of the country, on whom it chiefly depended for support, were held to care nothing for literature. And with what fine emotion do we learn that Mrs. Stowe, when asked to contribute to the Boston Miscellany, promptly refused because one of these self-same reprehensible plates had displayed to the world the picture of a woman in a lowcut evening gown.

If the "Friends" who figure in the narrative are less interesting than we could desire, they afford a pleasant background and help the tale along. A vague impression remains in our minds that New England fifty years ago must have been singularly full of mute, inglorious Miltons, of men whose extraordinary powers and promise never reached fulfillment. Later, we hear a great deal about the eminent acquaintances who surrounded Mr. Lowell in England, and are confronted with long lists of names, "any one of which," cried an enthusiastic lady—probably Mrs. Leo Hunter—"would make the fortune of a reception."

Receptions are easily enriched, but it does not occur to the ordinary reader that Mr. Lowell gained lustre from the society of Mr. Rider Haggard, of Mr. Alfred Austin, of Mrs. Lynn Linton, of Miss Ingelow, or even of the "King of Dictionaries," Doctor Smith. Rather would we suppose that the author of Sir Launfal and My Study Windows conferred distinction upon these associates. The breath of Mr. Lowell's cultivation, and consequently of his sympathies, the delicacy and soundness of his scholarship, made him keenly alive to forms of excellence which the ordinary mind is wont to disregard. Nothing that was fine in books, in men, in nation, escaped his fealty and admiration.

> "I like the Spaniards, with whom I find many natural sympathies in my own nature, and who have had a vast deal of injustice done them by this commercial generation," he wrote, when Minister in Madrid. "The difficulty is, that they don't care about many things that we are fools enough to care about, and the balance in the ledger is not so entirely satisfactory to them, as a standard of morality, as to some more advanced nations. They get a good deal out of life at a cheap rate, and are not far from wisdom, if the old Greek philosophers, who used to be held up to us as an example, knew anything about the matter."

This is the lesson taught by the *humanities*. To prize the Greeks is to understand the world. —*Agnes Repplier.*

* * *

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Mr. Williams' Private Edition.—Jesse Lynch Williams has a friend who is a librarian, and for his special use he has had a novel edition of The Stolen Story prepared. It consists of the cover, inside of which are the uncut, unstitched leaves of the book set in proper place and held there by rubber bands that bind the lids of the covers together.

Mrs. Catherwood Waited.—Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has steadily increased the favor which the public accorded to her The Romance of Dollard. Speaking of this story, the editor who accepted it said:

"Yes, Mrs. Catherwood made such an impression upon me through her work that I published it earlier than usual. Mrs. Catherwood brought the story to me in person. I told her I would send her an answer by mail as soon as possible.

"'But I want my answer now,' she said.

"'That is utterly impossible,' I replied. 'It may be a week or much longer before I can give it to you. What is your address?'

"'I intend to stay right in this town at a hotel until I hear from you,' she said, and then she went out.

"Well, we did hurry up a trifle in this case, and I found the story was so surprisingly good that I used it within a month or two. Yes, she got her answer before the week was over."

Mrs. Catherwood is working on a new novel which is expected to make a sensation.

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